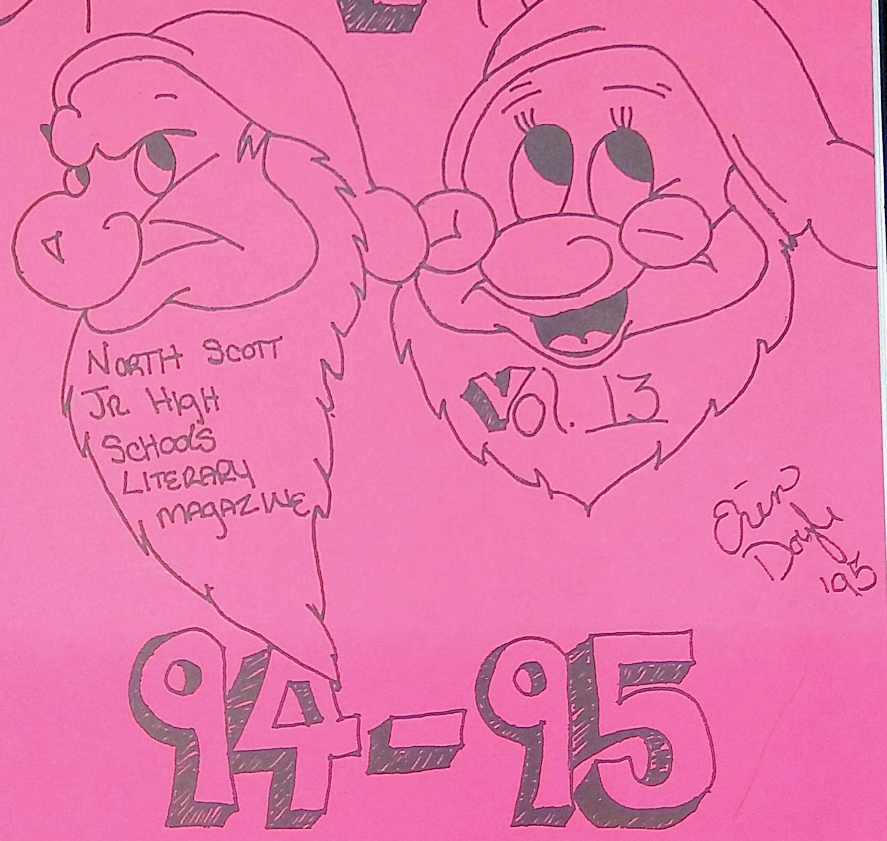
Our Point Of View



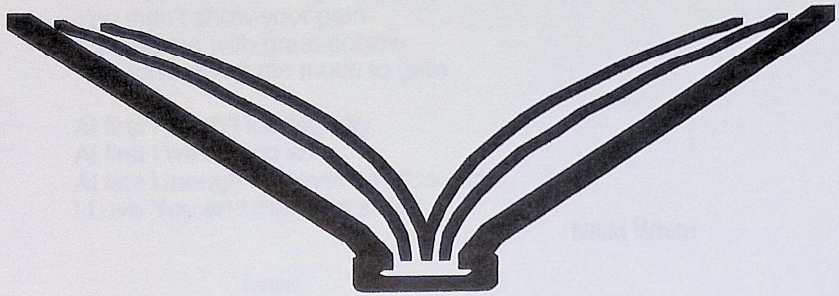
94-95

Dear Reader,

From Our Point of View it's easy to see
I'm different from you; you're different from me;
Works on these pages, written for fun or a class,
Show our insight, our humor, and maybe some sass.
We celebrate heroes, life's trials, a few cherished dreams
And ask you to share the way our world seems.
Our fantasies, our horrors, the beauty we've found
In color, in nature, and favorite people abound.
Some pieces which follow were chosen by peers;
Others which were author selected also appear.
We're sure you'll find more than one page in our book
To make you smile, sigh, or take a second look.
So, relax, enjoy, become part of the fun
Celebrate with us the work we have done.

Yours in literacy,
NSJHS Language Arts/Reading Writers

To find your favorite author's work quickly, please refer to the author index which is found in the back of this volume.



A special note

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I Wish I Would Have Said. . .

You came to me as a stranger
But you left me as a friend
You taught me of life's dangers
Sadly, that all has to end

You helped me through the tough times
You didn't show your pain
You left me with great sorrow
You have given me much to gain

At first I wasn't too friendly
At first I wasn't too sure
At first I though I'd never say this, but . . .
I Love You and that's for sure

Nikki White

NIGHT

MOON
STARS
SLEEP
SWEET
DREAMS
FLOWERS
FRIENDS
CANDIES
ANGELS
PUPPIES
KITTENS
ANGELS
HOPES
PRAYERS
NIGHTMARES
MONSTERS UNDER BEDS
AND IN CLOSETS
NIGHT LIGHT SHADOWS
MIDNIGHT NOISES
CALLS FOR MOMMY
AND FOR DADDY
HUGS AND KISSES
IT'S ALL RIGHT
NIGHTY NIGHT
AND SWEET DREAMS

JENNIFER LYNN SPRING

The Day Barney Lost His Voice
Heather L. Green

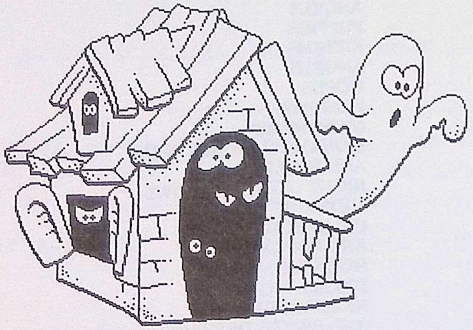
One day, a very dark gloomy day, Barney, the earth dinosaur lost his DEAF, ear piercing, ugliest-sound-anyone-has-ever-heard voice. Then the day wasn't dark and gloomy; it was the sunniest, nicest, warmest day in the world. The world sang with joy and happiness. But, for Barney, it was the end of the world because this wasn't the first time this had happened. You see, every Friday the thirteenth, Barney lost his voice--and every time he was fired--and every time he was visited by the ghosts.

The first ghost was nice, but very judgmental. The second was the past of everything he did wrong. The third was the meanness in him; Barney had done to the people who were mean to him, the ghost did to Barney. The fourth was the present. The present told Barney what was going to happen after all the ghosts were gone, but Barney didn't ever believe him. This time, though, for some reason, he did. Last, but not least, was the ghosts of X-Man Beast and Storm. They told him what he had to do to save his best friend, PeeWee Herman.

You see, PeeWee was being accused of doing something he didn't do--robbing Hillary Clinton's closet. Barney knew P.W. didn't do it. The X-Man's Beast and Storm know who did, and they told Barney how to convince the police. Barney didn't like the police because the police thought Barney was a fraud.

Barney went to the police to tell them who really robbed the Clintons. The police weren't convinced at first, but when they watched the show on Saturday, they knew Barney was, unfortunately, telling the truth. The Power Rangers had robbed the Clintons for new costumes and used a new costume every time they changed form.

PeeWee was released. The Power Rangers are in the custody of the North Scott Lancer Police, and Barney lost that dumb voice of his. BUT PeeWee and Barney lived happily ever after.



Mom

Mom, I know that I don't know you, but knowing someday I will, brings a sparkle to my eyes. I miss you a lot, but I know you made the right choice because your daughter is being brought up right in a nice home and has a brother and sister and parents that support me.

Someday I look forward to meeting you to see if I look like you. I bet you're pretty and intelligent and have a good personality like me. Then maybe we could go on Jenny Jones or something.

I hope no matter what, you will always stand by me even in the hardest of times. I miss you, Mom.

Katie Kelly

Great Grandma

My great grandma is dying;
She is dying as I write this.
She told the doctors, "No machines.
I want to live the rest of my life without
anything artificial or any machines."
Last night, when we found out, I started to cry.
I used to always make fun of her, but now,
Now I have grown up, and I realize
It wasn't right.
I'm sorry.
I love
you.

Grandma,
We will all miss you.
Love,

Sara Fessenden

BASEBALL FROM A BASEBALL'S VIEW

FLYING
LANDING
BOUNCING
HURTING
DIRTY
LOST
SAILING
GRASS-STAINED
THE GROUND BELOW
WARM
CRASHING
MOVING
SUMMER TIME

Keith Louck

WHITE

White is. . .
Snow as it's falling out of the sky
The smell of flowers in the morning
The sight of the sky on a cloudy day
The color of your parents' new car
White is. . .
A soft pillow at night
The color of the moon on a clear, crisp night
The color of a kitten, and
A wild mushroom
The color of your new house

Keith Louck

Reality Is Truth

As I sit here all alone,
in a room full of strangers,
I think of life, the past and the present,
and of all its dangers.
Time has made it pass me by,
so sweet and innocent, too.
I want to be happy and strong,
and start my life anew.
The memories of yesteryear
are so very sweet indeed.
I'd love to relive the moments
when I was oh so free.
I'll open my eyes and live my life,
with dreams and hopes and fears,
I leave behind my sadness,
I leave behind my tears.
I will open up to people,
and express to them my thoughts,
I will put my heart on the line,
and relieve myself of knots.
I love my life, I love it so,
I love the old and new,
I can't wait to see the whole wide world
Reality is Truth.

Tanya O'Malley

...RED..

RED IS THE COLOR OF THE SUN THAT SHINES DOWN UPON ALL OF THE LIVING BEINGS ON THE EARTH.
RED IS THE COLOR OF EVIL AS IT THROWS YOU DOWN AND STARES THROUGH YOUR SOUL.
RED IS THE COLOR OF THE HOT DESERT SAND AS IT BOILS UNDER YOUR FEET AND WHIPS ACROSS YOUR FACE.
RED IS THE COLOR OF A THROBBING PAIN THAT RACKS YOUR WHOLE BODY.
RED IS THE COLOR OF A BEDAZZLING BONFIRE IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT.
RED IS THE COLOR OF AN INDIAN'S WAR PAINT AS HE PREPARES TO MEET HIS FATE IN BATTLE.

CHRISTY BELK

DEATH ROW

There are strangers in the night,
Walking up and down the streets.
They are smoking, drinking, doing drugs, and
laughing--thinking they are having a good time;
But then, some time, some day in the town of Davenport,
Silence will overcome the crowd, and from a distance,
A gun will be shot, hit an innocent bystander,
Then will come death row
And the streets of Davenport
Will never be safe again.

Jodi Conner

The Man Whom I Love Dearly

Grandpa,
I once woke up in the morning
with tears in my eyes
Just wondering if you had died.
I would think of you forever. You are perfect to me.
I would always remember the way you fixed my poor knees.
I would never forget the times you were happy,
Because you were happy when I was happy.
Grandpa, what I'm trying to say is
I love you
and
I always will.

Jodi Conner

The Armpit from Heck
by
Tanya O'Malley

It was a typical day in Right-Guardville, except that Mr. Sweat was in town. A lot of people were in town hall listening to Mr. Sweat's seminar. It was a terrible day indeed.

"Looks like we're going to have to stop Mr. Sweat's tricks, Deodorant Boy," said Armpit Man to his faithful sidekick.

"Why, yes, Armpit, we will. Let's get to it!" Deodorant said enthusiastically. Together, with their egos at risk, they set off for town hall where Mr. Sweat was giving his seminar.

"Here we go, Deodorant. Get your head ready," Armpit said. With a swoop, they opened the doors and flew into the room to conquer Mr. Sweat.

"Stop!!! This is the end to you and your rip-off seminars, Mr. Sweat!" Armpit yelled.

With a troubled face, Mr. Sweat tried to get past them, but Deodorant was too quick for him.

"I don't think so," said Deodorant Boy as he jammed his deodorant head into Mr. Sweat's armpit.

Mr. Sweat doubled over and said, "You'll never see the end of this!"

Armpit and Deodorant Boy left with their egos intact.

"He'll be seeing us again, Deodorant," said Armpit Man.

"Yes, he has the Armpit from Heck. We can never get rid of his B.O.!"

"Young lad," said Armpit Man, "our work is never done."

.....

I Can't Sleep!!!

I can't sleep because. . .

I'm thinking about tomorrow.
I have a headache.
I'm worried.
The sheep didn't make it over the fence.
The radio's too loud.
Dogs are barking next door.
The phone rang.
The T.V. is on.

Z - Z - Z - Z - Z-Z-Z-ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZzzzzzzzzzz

Christy Belk

Light at the End of the Tunnel
by
Tanya O'Malley

"It was so wonderful, every minute, every second, but you don't realize it until you die," Maria said.

I nodded. She needed to go back, to see what happiness lies in Heaven.

I needed to take her back.

"Look! Isn't the moon wonderful?" Maria asked. She walked slowly over to her sister. Even though she couldn't hear her, she went on. "On a clear night, you can hear the train's whistle in the next town." She started crying. She wanted to hug her sister, to tell her she was sorry for killing herself, but she couldn't. "I want to go back. I want to forget I was ever here." She cried. She turned to look at her sister. "No! I want to live again, to be there," she pointed, "with my sister."

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"He told me to," she said.

I didn't understand. "Who told you?" I asked quietly.

"Him. No one forgives you for anything until you die. They finally realize that you are gone, and they're sorry for everything," Maria said.

"You should go back. Come on. It's time to go," I said.

"One minute. I have to see my sister one more time." She walked over to her sister and stared her in the eyes.

They were both crying.

"I wish she could see me, hear me, talk to me," she nodded and walked towards me.

Hand in hand, we walked to the light at the end of the tunnel, Heaven.

Look Around You
by
Nicole Moone

Look around you. . .

At this fallen world filled with bitterness and shame. One where deaths can't be controlled and killers can't be tamed.

Look around you. . .

And see the places that you thought you knew before.
A place that doesn't exist because of the raging war.

Look around you. . .

Do you see the dying men who are slowly dying because they once stood up for their homeland? These men protected their homes and families from the harm that was dealt at hand.

Look around you. . .

To face the grief that fills their mother's eyes, to see what was once their children's dreams are now their nightmares!

Look around you. . .

Do you see all those people trying those so-called "Harmless" drugs? Notice, if you look deep in their eyes, you can see their graves have already been dug.

Look around you. . .

Look beyond the sea and past the desert sands. Do you see all the children who are starving in far away lands?

Look around you.

PEACE

Peace is happiness and happiness is. . .
Happiness is life and life is. . .
Life is love and love is. . .
Love only ends when life ends.
When life ends it equals death and death is. . .
Death is only sadness and sadness is. . .
And sadness is not close to

PEACE

Andrea Burke

White

A big, soft floating cloud in the sky;
A beautiful countryside with glistening snow everywhere;
The softness of a silky wedding dress.
Cute little bunnies hopping around playfully'
Some favorite things to share with you
The touch and the sight of white.

Carrie Lee

Oldies

old folks
pretty cool
imagine that
they rule

Carrie Lee

20 Years

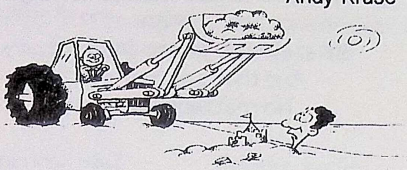
In twenty years who will care
Whether you went to the prom
Or cut your hair.
In twenty years who will know
Whether you wanted to stay
Or go.
But in twenty years, you'll still be you
And that's all that matters
No matter what you do.

Sally Schmidt

Girls

Girl hot
Girl cute
Girl look good
In bathing suit

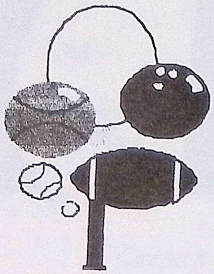
Andy Kruse



THINGS THAT ARE COOL

CARS
TRUCKS
HUNTING
GUNS
SCHOOLS
SPORTS
GAMES
MATH

BEN HAWLEY

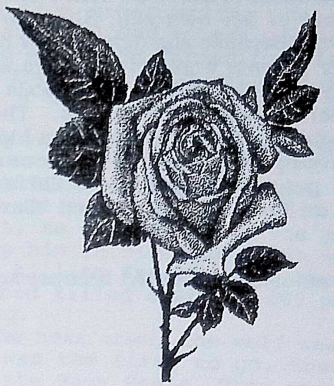


Sniff Those Flowers

When school is out, we love to follow
our noses over hills and meadowlands,
smelling the grass and the dandelions,
sniffing fern and milkweed while we run

The airy fifth of our five senses
leads us under, and over, fences.
We run like horses galloping through a pasture
and put our noses in flowers to find
out how they smell!

Justin McPhail



RED

Red is. . .
the way the sun looks in the morning when I walk to school
the sunset during the evening hours
the taste of bubble gum in your mouth
Red is. . .
a warm fire that glows in your fire place during the winter months
a bright strawberry in a big patch
the way you feel when you climb into your covers each and every night
Red is. . .
a bright rose that you give your girlfriend on Valentine's Day
the last few seconds of light before you turn off your light at night
fireworks bursting in the air on July 4th

Justin McPhail

Janie Beth, the Spoiled
by
Cara Jo Hamann

Once upon a time there was a girl named Janie Beth that had everything she ever wanted. She lived in a huge castle, and her mom and dad were king and queen of Malltown. She didn't have to do anything. She had her servants bring things to her; she didn't even have to go shopping herself. But little did Janie Beth know, she would soon have to start doing things.

One day Janie Beth was in her fully-equipped-everything-she-wanted room when her parents came to tell her they had to move and leave everything behind. Imagine her surprise and her madness! Well, it seems the king and queen were voted out as the leaders in the day's election.

So, they moved into a small cottage in the woods of Doo-ville. It seemed that there everybody did everything for themselves and had no servants. Poor Janie Beth didn't know what to do. She didn't know how to cook or clean, or even dress or take care of her own self. She was so distraught she locked herself in the cellar to die because she didn't know how to do anything.

All this time, her parents were getting more worried. They knew how to take care of themselves because of their childhoods although they were having a hard time remembering how to do things. They didn't know what had happened to their daughter. Maybe she had been kidnapped.

Finally, she shriveled away and died--all because she was too spoiled.

Eventually, her parents opened the cellar and found their daughter's remains. From then on the cellar was called "Cave of the too Spoiled Janie Beth."

Moral: Don't take advantages for granted because some day they may be gone.

"Green"

Green is. . .
The color of cash that has just been taken off the press
The slime that floats on top of an uncleaned swimming pool
The moss that grows on old trees in the forest
Green is. . .
The grass that has grown on a chia pet
The color of my neighbor lady's hair
The color of Popeye's spinach
But, most of all, green is my favorite color!

Cara Jo Hamann

Wolf
by
Justin Siem

One day while running through the forest, a little baby bunny was slaughtered by a big, bad wolf. He picked it up,ripped its head off, and swallowed the rest of the baby bunny then went on slaughtering every animal he came upon until he came to a river. The river was big and deep, and the big, bad wolf could not swim because he had dropped out of swimming lessons when he was a baby.

He had no way of crossing the big deep river because he had destroyed the only bridge around so no one could escape his forest. He was afraid of the water because it was so deep.

He came up with plans to get across. He tried floating on a turtle, but he was too big, and the baby turtle died from his claws. He finally got across the big,deep river floating on a dead decaying elk he had killed the day before.

When he got across the big, deep river, he started toward the city. He had heard from other wolves that there were a lot of people in the city, and he loved to eat people. On his way there, he came to a farm and asked the farmer for directions. The farmer told him the way. The wolf said, "Thank you," and killed the farmer so he couldn't tell the people in the city the wolf was coming.

After traveling to the farms and killing all the people on the way, he made it to the city. The first thing he did when he got to the city was kill the homeless people because no one cared about the homeless. He could get away with it. When he got to the police department, he killed all of the police so there would not be anyone to stop him in his task which was to kill everyone. He went door-to-door killing families and their loved ones. When he was finished, he had killed over 100,000 people in less than a day. The day was long.

On his way to the next town, the wolf was killing everyone in his path. The Army was the first to go, then the Navy, then the Marines, an finally the Navy Seals. They were the hardest to get to.

He arrived in Washington, D.C. There were a lot of people living there, and he was having a ball killing them left and right. Dead people were lying in the streets with no heads and body parts missing. No one could hide from him because he could smell them from a mile away. He could also break through any barrier because he was a super wolf.

After killing everyone in North and South America, he sailed to England to kill. When he had killed all of them, he went to Europe and killed everyone there, next to Africa, and then to India where the people were the easiest of all to kill. Then he killed all the people in Asia. There were a lot, but he got the job done. At last he went to Japan. He could not kill the Japanese. They killed him first.

The Japanese went to all the empty countries and settled. They stole all the technology and were rulers of the world--until the dinosaurs came back and killed them all.

Bicycling Across America
by
Amanda Arp

A lot of you probably know my Grandpa Green because he used to own the barber shop, Gene's Hair Hut, here in Eldridge, but some of you probably don't know what he has achieved in the last five years.

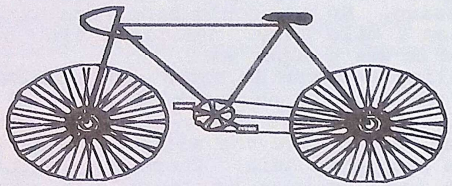
First of all, my grandpa loves to go for rides on his bicycle. He's been on Tour North Scott and RAGBRAI. For a long time he had a goal that seemed to everyone was impossible mostly because of his age. His goal was to ride across America on his bicycle!!!

In the summer of 1990, my grandpa finally decided to live up to his dream. My grandparents went to Washington and with their luggage was Grandpa's bicycle. Finally the day came, and my grandparents went to the coast. My grandma said goodbye and went on a plane to return to Iowa.

Grandpa was gone a little over a month. In July he arrive home to a welcoming party with friends, relatives, neighbors, and some media. But his goal wasn't accomplished yet!

Two years later, my grandparents went to Maine to visit friends, and, once again, his bicycle was with him. This time he was gone for about a month, and when he came home, all he had was a smile on his face. He had faced his dream and made it all the way to the end at the age of 63!!

I am SO proud of Grandpa, and I know he is proud, too!
For everyone who has a dream, don't give up on it. Go out and accomplish it!!!



Why So Soon?
by
Anne Hoffman

"Bye!" I yelled as I ran to catch the bus after school. "See ya tomorrow!" Today had been an exceptionally good day for me as well as my sister. When we got home, we got a snack and then vegetated on the couch in front of the T.V.

We had planned on watching every show until supper when my mom came in and said she had to talk to us. "I have some very bad news. You won't believe this, but Karen got in a car accident and was killed on her way to school today."

"No!!! It can't be true! It isn't true! I WON'T believe it!" I yelled and ran to my room. I threw myself on my bed and cried myself to sleep.

When I woke up, it was 9:00 and the house was quiet except for a few sobs once in a while, probably coming from my sister. That's when I remembered what had happened previously that day. I had thought it was all a nightmare until then. I sauntered out to the kitchen, kind of in a daze, when I all of a sudden felt tears running down my cheeks. I couldn't deny it anymore. It was horribly true. Why so soon? Why so fast? She was so young! Only sixteen years old. God, help me get through this nightmare in my life. Help me realize that life goes on, even when I don't think it will. Please remind me that we will meet again, and that we will live forever. Amen.

Death

Crying
Anger
Denial
Sadness
Thoughts
Regrets
Songs
Prayers
People
Depression
Fear
Sullen
Parents
Friends
Casket
Flowers
Relatives
Service
Headstone
Stress
Rose p
e
t
a
l
s

f
a
l
l
i
n
g

WHY?

Renae Ganzer, 2/2/95

Things That Kill Teens

Cars
Trucks
Planes
Boats
Tumors
Cancer
AIDS
Lukemia
Drugs
Overdoses
Guns
Other People
Knives
Dehydration
Gangs
Water
Fire
Tornados
The weather
STD's
Sex
Sharks
Lions
Tigers
Bears
Oh my!

Melissa Baetke

How ? Why ?

How ? How can we save the world with so much hate ?

How ? How can we be happy when there is so much sadness ?

Why ? Why do some have everything and some have nothing ?

Why ? Why can't we understand each other ?

Why ? Why must some leave this world so young and leaving us all to wonder

How ? Why ?

Rachel DeLuca
2/2/95

BLUE

Blue is the sky
it's the tear that runs down my face
blue is the cold feel of ice
it's when you're sad
Blue is the bird that wakes me in the morning
It's the sound of jazz

Rachel DeLuca
2/3/95

Baseball
by
Terry Wisecup

Your position is second base, and it's the state championship, bottom of the tenth. The game is tied, 11-11. The ball is hit to you. You dive to stop it. You jump up, whip it to first. Clean play. The fans are cheering for you, chanting your name, "Terry, Terry, Terry" while you are running into the dugout.

The coach yells, "Terry."

You ask, "What?"

"Your turn to bat."

You grab a bat. You walk to the plate. You look at the coach while taking a practice swing. The sign tells you, "Swing away." You step into the box, get ready for the pitch. It's high. You hold back your bat.

The ump calls, "Ball."

You step out of the box and look at the coach. The sign is bunt. You step into the box and get ready. The pitch. You lay your bat straight out getting ready for it to come. It's too low to reach. You pull the bat back.

"Ball two," the ump yells.

Then you step out of the box, take a breather, and look at the coach for the sign. It says, "Swing away." You step into the box and look at the pitcher. The pitch. It's perfect. Right where you want it. You swing.

Crack! You feel it. You know it's a home run. It's a long drive all--going, going, going...gone! It is a HOME RUN. The crowd goes wild. You run around the bases jumping like a wild man. You just won the game for the team. You finally reach home plate. Your team is there waiting for you. You jump into one of your teammate's arms running to the dugout.

That was the game. The season over, you have nothing to do except wait until next year and think about how you won the championship game for the team.

Flowers in the Attic by V. C. Andrews
A Literary Response by
Jesse Johnston

I read the book Flowers in the Attic. This book was a good one, but extremely weird! Very unrealistic.

It all starts with a perfect family of is (a mother, father, and four children - Chris, Cathy, Cory, and Carrie). The father dies and leaves the helpless dependent widow penniless. She has nothing to do except go back to the religious, rich parents she ran away from thirty-three years ago when she married her half-uncle. That was seen as an unforgivable sin in her parents' eyes, especially since she had four children with her husband. However, her mother is the only one who knows. Her father doesn't. She goes to live with these people in hopes to inherit some of her father's estate when he dies.

When they arrive, he is on his death bed anyway so the mother's solution is to lock her kids up in a room for just a few days until the grandpa kicks the bucket. But the days turn into weeks, and the weeks turn into months. The mother visits quite often at first, bearing gifts. As time drags on, however, she visits less and less. One time she disappears for months.

Each morning the cruel, heartless grandma brings the isolated children food. She warns them God is watching and they should be very careful since they are the Devil's spawn. She hates these children and they hate her.

The children read to keep their minds busy. Cathy and Chris become parents to Cory and Carrie since they are so much younger and have no parental love. They live in the attic and turn it into a garden to liven up their days.

Time drags on and on and on. One day Cory becomes very sick. He is rushed to the hospital. When the mother finally comes to visit the next day, she is short one eight-year-old. Cory died of "pneumonia." Later is becomes known that Cory died of arsenic poisoning.

The grandfather had died about a year before Cory died. In his will, he left all his money to his daughter, just like they wanted. The catch was if it

was ever to be found that she had children from her previous marriage or children with her new husband, she would have to give up all the money and whatever material things she had bought with that money. So, she poisoned the doughnuts that were brought to the children. Cory was the only one to eat the doughnuts that particular day and was the only one to get poisoned by the mother.

Days after that, Chris leads Cathy and Carrie to sneak out of the house with money stolen from their mother. They do sneak out and attempt to make a life of their own.

I thought this book was a weird one, something that could never happen, but it was compelling. Something about it wouldn't let me stop; it made me read on. There was a relationship between the two older children, Chris and Cathy, that was, in the midst of it all, very real and very comforting. They were a real pair. They could depend on each other, and, without each other, they would never have made it in the attic by themselves.

As for the two younger children from the attic, they were twins. When Cory and Carrie were together, they were the best of friends. After Cory died, Carrie couldn't even eat. I think their bond was greater than what the mother had with any of the children. Cory was Carrie's father and best friend and vice versa. Together, they were one. Like Chris and Cathy, they were the only people that each one saw every day, the only people who really loved and cared for one another.

I think these people will make responsible, mature adults. Even with their background, I think they will be able to do whatever they want when they finally make it into the job market. They are completely competent, morally correct people. Their morals were taught to them by each other. As unrealistic and socially corrupt as this scenario may be, I think in the end everything is and will be okay for the Dollangangers.

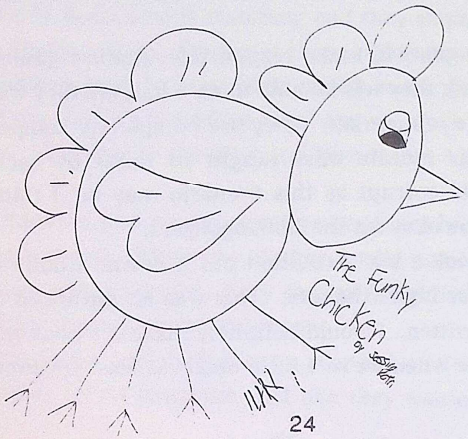
I enjoyed this book a lot. I couldn't put it down. I don't think I would recommend it to junior high students. This was an advanced book, hard to follow, but very well written. I would definitely make it a book to read, but not for our age, but maybe when we're a little older--at least freshmen. I am glad it read it.

The Funky Chicken
by
Jessica Roth

Once upon a time in a part of the world where fighting and destruction were about, there was a chicken born. This chicken was born is a special way. You see, her mother laid golden eggs so it came as much of a surprise that this special chicken had even come to live. The chicken had six legs instead of two, and seeing this, the mother totally went into depression, leaving her newborn to live on its own. When the master of the chickens had the little one, he immediately shipped her to America thinking that maybe something would become of this chicken.

Sure, the little gal was scared, but she was also brave. After the long journey, she became known as the Funky Chicken. By luck, she landed in Las Vegas. Las Vegas was fun with all that gambling and those people, but, after a few hours, that wasn't enough. She needed more than a bunch of people running around getting married and fighting. As a result, she moved to Iowa.

Iowa was peaceful but, yet, so boring. She like it! Country music had now entered her life. Country dances and all that whoo-ha! That's where she met her best friend to come and a life long buddy, Nicki. Nicki lived on a farm and spotted Funky Chicken walking about the area in a brown sock. She was all torn apart because of her long journey. Nicki quickly adopted Funky Chicken as her own and soon came to love her. They had many adventures and have been doing just fine, getting into trouble as usual, since the last time I checked up on them.



The Man Without a Face
by
Ben Edge

About sixty-nine years ago, there was a man who went into the woods to cut down some trees. He had been working tree after tree, hour after hour, and day after day. At about 8:00 one morning, he went out to see if he could work an extra three hours. He was cutting away when he heard a voice calling him. "John. John. John." It kept calling. It was getting louder and louder. He wondered where the voice was coming from.

He went up and over the nearest hill. He saw a glowing light which was getting brighter and brighter. The voice was still calling. He walked toward the light asking, "What? Who are you? Where are you? What do you want?"

The voice was still calling, "John."

He walked farther into the light; it seemed endless. It turned into a reddish color. It had been an hour, and John was getting scared. He kept asking, "What? Who are you? Where are you?"

The voice said, "Over here!"

"Where?" asked John.

"Over here!"

John finally got to the end of the light. He walked into the open. The voice had stopped calling him, but an evil spirit came out of the sky.

"Who are you?" John asked.

"I am your master now. You will do what I say. You have been hypnotized to be my slave and to kill everyone who gets in your way."

"Why me?"

"Because you have traveled through the light of evilness. Now you can see through the back of your head. You must kill fifty people in order for you to be free. If you complete this mission, you may decide you don't want to stop. We have to make you a mask so people don't know who you are." So the evil spirit made John a steel mask that no one could take off but the spirit himself. "Now, kneel before your master. I will give you eternal powers to kill. Go now and make me proud!"

"Yes, Master."

John went back home carrying his ax. He prepared for his killings. He was going to stick up a grocery store. He went to his garage, grabbed his chain saw, and headed for Aldi's. At ninety miles per hour, he got there in five minutes. He got out of his car with his chain saw in a big bag.

As he walked into the store, an employee asked why he had such a big bag. John said, "I like to use my own bag to take home my groceries." He walked toward the back and into a back room where he pulled out his chain saw and started it. He ran out into the store. First, he cut a little boy's leg off. Next, he sawed off an old lady's hand. He ran down the aisles with his chain saw hanging out to the side cutting up everyone as he ran past. He had killed forty-six people in just seven minutes. John headed for the checkout counter. The first person he saw, he killed instantly. Then he went to the next counter. He pulled out his Rambo knife and threw it into the back of a man who was running out of the store.

When John saw a man taking all of the money out of a cash register, he pulled out his bag and said, "Hand it over!" He got the money, sawed out the man's heart, and told him, "Go home." He had only one person left to kill, the manager. John chased him into the parking lot, slammed him up against a car, and said, "Decapitation time!" He used his chain saw to cut the man's head off. Then he jumped in his car and headed to the woods.

After an hour, he was there. His master said, "I now free you of all commands."

"Thank you, Master. But, may I keep the mask?"

"Yes. Now, be gone."

John ran home. "It's party time," he said as he threw all of his weapons in his car. He headed out to be a mass murderer. Where John lives now, no one knows, but John will always be the man without a face.

Parents

Parents
always on your case
"clean your room"
grounding = not cool
not enough freedom
"take out the trash"
once in a while right
GIVE MONEY
"always be my little boy"
"because I said so"
"because we love you"

Ryan Ott

Life
Enjoyable, Fun
Exciting, Breathing, Racing
Sunshine, White, Black, Shadows
Fading, Chilling, Decaying
Drifting, Still
Death

Tiffany Daurer

Lonely

frightened to go anywhere
the darkness of the air
the sound of voices
the sound of wild horses
everyone knows where to go
but I don't know

Tiffany Daurer

PURPLE

Purple
The sweet taste of fresh grapes
The smell of lilac in the spring
The tang of a plum off the tree
Purple
The sound of the wind on a summer day
The sight of a child's eyes when they see a rainbow
The sound of the birds singing on a spring morning
Purple
The touch of a perfectly picked iris
The sight of fireworks in the calm air
and the feeling of a warm fire blazing

Tiffany Daurer

RED

IS THE COLOR OF A HOT DAY
IS THE COLOR OF A FAST CAR
IS THE COLOR OF A LOST BATTLE
IS THE COLOR OF A MAD DOG'S EYES
IS THE COLOR OF A FIRE IN A GRILL

JASON MANDERSCHEID

STOP

Halt, Quit
Staying, Closing, Ending
Brake, Cease, Continue, Resume
Running, Moving, Proceeding
Leave, Depart
GO

Jason Manderscheid

School Rivalry
by
Kristin Kashmarek

It all started in the year of 1960. Both schools had just opened. The names of the schools were Glendale and Harrison. They were built because the other area schools were getting crowded and didn't have enough room for incoming students. Anyway, the schools both had really good football teams and the best coaches--Hayden Fry and Bob White. The first game of the season for Bob White's team at Glendale was against Hayden Fry's team. It was also Glendale's homecoming.

The night before the big game, practice was getting started. The team was going through their tackling drills when their star player, Jeff, was hit pretty hard by Rod, the biggest player on the team.

"Are you all right?" asked Rod.

"Yes," groaned Jeff as he tried to get up. "I can't get up. My hip hurts."

"Let me see. It's bleeding, and there is a bone sticking out. . .COACH!"

"What the h-e-double hockey sticks is going on here?"

"Well, Coach, we were doing our tackling drills like you said, Sir, and I guess I kind of hit him too hard, Sir."

"Kind of, what are you talking about? You injured my star player. Now what am I to do? You know we can't beat Harrison without Jeff."

"Can you save that for later, Coach? If you don't mind, I'd like to live to see my next birthday,but with that lecture and my bleeding like this, it doesn't look too promising."

By this time a rather large crowd had gathered and desperately wanted to know what was going on.

"Someone call 9-1-1."

"Get Nurse Hollie. She'll know what to do."

"Hold it, hold it, HOLD IT! Rosenboom, you go get Nurse Bird, Henderson, go tell the principal to call the paramedics and tell him there's been an accident. NOW!"

"What is. . .Oh, My Lord! Rod, what did you do?"

"Well, we were doing our drills, and I guess I hit him a little too hard."

"A little? It looks like he was hit by a freight train."

"The. . .ambulance. . .will. . .be-e-e-e here shortly, " huffed Henderson. "Maybe we should get him into the building. I brought the wheelchair just in case."

"Good idea," said Miss Bird.

At the hospital the bleeding was stopped within two minutes, and the wound was cleaned before the doctor even got there. When he did arrive, he looked at the wound and said, "This should be easy to fix. All that has to be done is set the bone, stitch you up, and put a cast on it."

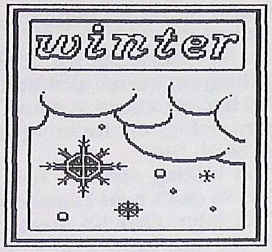
Meanwhile back at Harrison, the team had just gotten wind of the news and were pretty excited because they had a chance at winning. Only three days

before, their star player had been thrown off the team for coming to practice drunk.

At the hospital the doctor finished putting the cast on Jeff's leg. "When the plaster dries, you can go home. Come back in two weeks. Your leg should be starting to heal by then, but it's hard to tell."

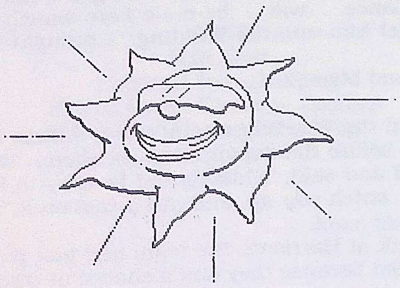
"Thanks, Doc."

The next day at school, Jeff was treated like a king. All the pretty girls wanted to carry his books or push his wheel chair. They even asked to sign his cast. In the homecoming parade Jeff was the feature person on the football float. That night at the game he got to help coach. Glendale won, 21-14.



WINTER
Cold, gloomy
Freezing, Sledding, Snowing
Snowmen, white; tan, guys
Swimming, Walking, Growing
Hot, Happy
SUMMER

NICKI POWER



YELLOW

Yellow is. . .
the color of the sun on a steamy summer day
one of those smiling faces that you see now and then
the color of one of those big crayons that a small child uses to color with in preschool
the color of my pencil that I use to write

Yellow is. . .
the color of the lemon in your iced tea
the color of the phone book I use to find _____'s boyfriends with
the taste of something sour
the color of the popcorn you eat in the movie theater that makes you retain water
the color of some people's teeth

YELLOW

Nicki Power

BLACK IS. . .

a jelly bean nobody wants

a clear night after a rain

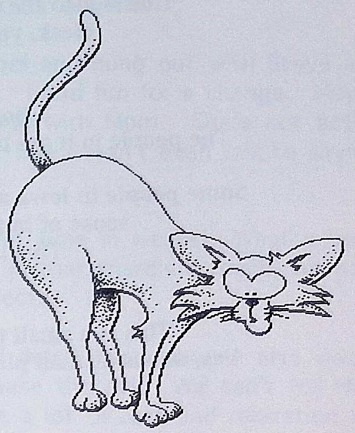
a mystery lurking under your bed

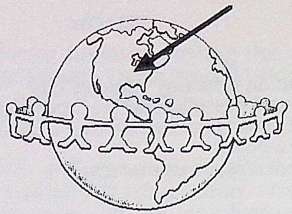
the prowling cat

the raven in a tree

a dying rose

Rachel Wentzloff





The World
This is where I live.
Yes, this is where I live.
It is a very big place, but in another way, small.

The United States
This is a place immigrants drool over and want so bad.
I guess they don't notice the problems that we're having without them.
Drugs, slums, violence, gangs, etc.
This is also the place where little old me lives.
Meek, yet I do have a big heart.

Iowa
A boring yet true state.
The people in it are hard-working, caring, and definitely true.
Some people in Iowa are weird or they have a really good sense of humor like Aaron Plowman.
This is also where I live.

Eldridge
This is a small town in Iowa, U. S. A., Earth
Yes, this is a small place in such a big world, but it still counts.

Nicki Power
This is my name.
This is me, too.
Just like a small town in a boring state in a violent country in a small world,
I STILL COUNT

Nice Girl from a Good Home by Fran Arrick
A literary response written as a character's diary
by
Amy Anderson

It's not fair. Just because my father lost his job doesn't give him the right to make us all suffer. Mom and I spent the whole day picking out that beautiful white dress for the dance, and what do I hear when I come home? Dad telling me I have to take it back. At least I can count on Mom. She's on my side.

Well, I'll get him back. I'm just not going to return it. I'll wear it anyway and not tell him, or anyone. I'll pretend like I'm wearing that ugly homemade green one, but I'll switch when I get over to Eleanor's.

I had a horrible time at the dance. Sure, I looked great, but I didn't have any fun. Guilt. Well, I'm glad that's over. I burned the stupid dress, and I'm glad. Sure, it was expensive, but at least I don't have to worry about it anymore. Eleanor is really bugging me. She just has to know everything! I think I'll stay away from her for a while.

Today was different. I skipped school and hung out with Steve and his friends. I think I'll do that more often. I had fun for a change. Maybe even tomorrow. I think something's wrong with Mom. She's not acting herself. All she does all day is watch T.V. She doesn't even talk to anyone anymore.

I've gone back to school for the first time in weeks! What a bore! But if our plan's going to work, of calling in that there's a bomb, we have to start going to school so we're not suspects.

I can't believe that I got caught. I didn't know anyone else was in the school's basement when I went to make the call. We can't tell Mom because she's in the hospital. She needs a lot of rest and relaxation and can't hear any bad news.

I'm not going to hang out with Steve anymore because all he ever did was get me in trouble. Oh, ya, my dad's got a job along with my brother Jeremy being carpenters. Well, I'm off to summer school, so I'd better go.

- -*Dory Hewitt*

Bubble Gump
by
Jamie Davis

Hi. My name is Gump, Bubble Gump, that is. I am a piece of bubble gum. I started out as a baby piece of gum. When I was hatched, I was a little pink blob. My mommy, Cherry Gump, was red and worked at a hatchery. My daddy, Berry Gump, was blue and was the president of the Blue Knighted States. As I grew up, I turned darker pink and then purple. By that time I was fourteen and ready to go out on my own. First, I had to find a house. I selected a purple house and was wrapped. Soon I was put on a shelf. I sat there for many months.

A little boy bought me. I was put in a dark hole with one of my friends who had a green house and was green. Her name was Ape, short for Apple. We sat in that hole that I later found out was a pocket. One day we had a very fun experience. We got all wet, squashed, and twirled around many times. Then we were moved to a place where we were twirled around. We fell out of the pocket and were dried. Later me and Ape were put back into the pocket.

One day the little boy took me out of the pocket and chewed me. I was very happy but also very sad to leave Ape for we had become very good friends. The boy chewed and chewed. Then he blew a bubble, and I popped all over his face. It was fun, but he peeled me off his face and out of his hair. He looked at me, picked little pieces of hair out of me, and put me back in his mouth. Pretty soon he was tired of me and stuck me to an old broken bus stop bench near a telephone booth.

The next day a dark-haired man in a suit came up and had a McDonald's cup, a quarter, and a dime. He was strutting toward the phone booth. Before he got there, he dropped a quarter into the gutter. He felt around in his pocket for another one, but he could not find it. Then he spotted me. He picked me up, put me in his mouth, and chewed me. Then he went over to the tree and broke off a stick. He took me out of his mouth and stuck me to the end of the stick and put me in the gutter. I stuck to the quarter, and he pulled me out. The man took me off the stick and put me back on the bench. He went into the telephone booth.

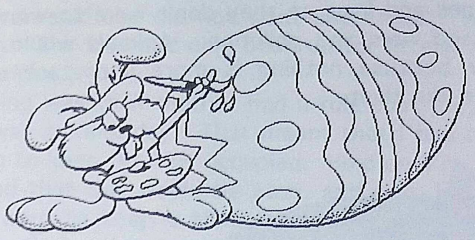
Pretty soon an old lady sat down at the bus stop. She almost sat on me, but she saw me and picked me up. She started playing Yo-yo which was one of the most radically awesome games. She said, "Oh, this is like the old days." Then she rolled me into a ball and threw me into the air

where I stuck to a eucalyptus leaf. She got on a bus and left.

It was a hot day, and I was coming unstuck. Just then another man walked up, and I fell right into his hair. He slowly pulled me out of his hair and stuck me in his mouth. He then took me out and put me on the bench again. He left.

I looked around and saw something. It was green. I slowly slimed over to it. Then I saw it clearly. It was Ape. "Hey, Ape!"

She looked at me. Then she saw me. "Hey, Gump!" We stuck hands and slimed off together.



Easter Sunday with the Family
by
Tammy Dirksen

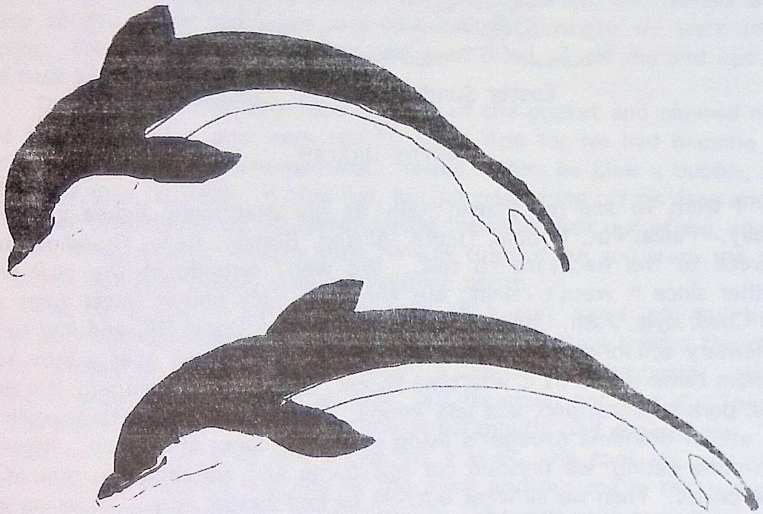
I went to see my cousin Kelly at my grandma's house on Easter Sunday. Paula, Pat, Debbie, Debra, Allison, Brandy, Kelly, Grandma, and I all went to the backyard to talk. We went outside in the nice warm weather since it wasn't raining out that day. My cousin Scott went with Kirk, Chad, Kyle, Josh, Uncle Denny, Uncle Ronny, Uncle Bill, and Ray to the elementary school to play basketball. Kelly and I went over a little later. My mom came to tell us it was time to eat. We had hamburgers, hot dogs, chips, pork n beans, pop, and jelly beans. Some of us ate outside while the rest ate in Grandma Kroeger's living room watching the game. After we were done eating, we finished our ball game and watched the rest of the game on t.v. Then we all went outside to find Easter eggs. When we were all done looking, we watched another game on T.V. to pass the time away. Then we had desserts--jelly beans, cherry pie, cake, and ice cream.

We said goodbye to my cousin Josh after we asked him how high school was going and how his grades were. Uncle Denny and his family left to go out of town. My cousin Scott and his parents and sister left to go see their other grandparents. Soon everyone had gone home.

Untitled
by
Brooke Howard

Water surrounds you with a barrier where you can't hear the disturbances of the outside world. Everything underwater seems to be at peace. Everything is so colorful with its blue background. The plants and animals have their own little world underwater.

If people were like those animals, the world would be so much cleaner because those animals and plants don't pollute or use guns. They already have homes and lives so they don't have to worry about debts to other countries and wars and pollution. Animals would take care of the world and water because nothing is more important to them. I wish humans could live like them.



What a Day
by
Hollie Bird

I knew my day was going to be great because I was going to my friend Angie's house. It was her birthday so I thought I would get her something she would really like, but, first, I had to baby sit. When I got there, the kids were sleeping, and Joel, their father, said goodbye and left. About a half an hour later all four kids woke up.

They said they were hungry so I was going to make them a bowl of cereal when Allyson said she did not want any cereal. Well, this day was going to be great. The kids had only been up for fifteen minutes, and they were already complaining.

The bad thing was their mother had a rule that they could not watch T.V. because it was a week day. That meant that I had to spend the next eight hours trying to keep the kids occupied. Hold on a second! Don't EVEN think in your mind that this would be easy, and I am just a wimp because it really truly is hard to keep a third grader, twin second graders, and a kindergartner occupied. Well, I took on a risk, and I regretted it. Luckily, their mother had left them a list of chores to do that would at least take them a half day.

Unfortunately, one of the chores that she left them was to clean the basement, and I was the one that had to separate the basement into four parts. It was going fine, I thought, until they all started to say that one had to do more than the other. I explained to them it was fair because I more or less separated the room into quarters. About fifteen minutes had passed, and we had not reached an agreement about how to do the basement without any fights. Finally, I told them that I would clean the whole basement, and they wouldn't have to do a thing. Well, I take it that that was the wrong thing to say because Noel started crying and saying her mother would ground them if she found out I did their chores for them. Well, I was sit of them saying I was favoring everybody so I used the stick method. Whoever got the shortest stick would do this section and so on. That worked pretty well. Well, at least until I went upstairs to make some Kool-Aid because that was what they'd want to drink with their lunch.

They all ran upstairs saying that Noel was being the boss, and they didn't like it. I told him to hush, and it was time to eat lunch. After I had all of the kids served and their drinks poured, I went to the bathroom. I

thought I could trust them to behave for a couple of minutes, but I guess not. The minute I came out, Nick came to me crying and saying that Bethany grabbed the pitcher away from him when he was trying to pour some more Kool-Aid. It spilled all over the white table cloth. The worst of it was, it was cherry-flavored.

I had no idea what to do. All I really knew was, I thought I was dead for sure. These kids were H---raisers! I was so frustrated that I sent all of the kids to their rooms until they could think of an idea for their punishment. Allyson and Noel came to me after a while and pointed out that it was not them. It was Bethany and Nick that did it. I let them finish their lunch. About five minutes after I sent Bethany and Nick to their rooms, Bethany came to say she had an idea of what the punishment should be. She suggested sitting on the couch without being able to talk for the next four hours until her mother got home. I agreed so they went to the couch. I felt badly that they didn't get to finish their lunches so I let them sit at the table and finish. After they were done eating, I made them take a nap until their mother got home. Oh, what a day!

The only good thing was I still had a party to go to. It was definitely something to look forward to. When I got there, Angie gave me a great big hug, and I congratulated her on being thirteen. We went to the basement and listened to some music until the rest of the guests arrived.

About an hour after her party began, the pizza came. I sat down with a boy that I've known for a while and we talked. We were in the middle of conversation when Angie's mom came down and yelled it was time for the games. We went outside. Her mother had the plan we would all nail Angie with water balloons, but instead it backfired, and we all nailed her with the balloons.

After that, we all went back downstairs and sat around. It was fun because we started telling jokes. At nine o'clock, five people left to go skating. The ones that stayed the night were Meghan, Heather, Sandy and me. We slept in her mom's camper because her dad had some of his army buddies staying over so they could be ready to go away in the morning. After all of the adults fell asleep, we went outside and ran around the yard until Angie's dad came out and made us stay in the camper the rest of the night.

Monster from Hell
by
Tyler Biehl

Once upon a time there was a good king who kept the taxes as low as he possibly could. The only problem with that was he couldn't buy good weapons for his castle guards. The king had a beautiful named Whitney who had been chosen for a wedding that would unite their kingdom with another powerful one next to theirs. The wedding was two weeks away. In the king's dining hall, there was a stranger. No one had ever seen him before.

When the princess saw him, she was amazed at his strength. He could lift a 300 pound boulder. She was amazed, too, at the power he had over animals. He could control a gray wolf that came with him. He had come to the kingdom to see the wedding and to offer his services to the king. The king asked, "What can you do?"

He replied, "I can help with the food collection."

"If I can taste the food before the wedding, you may do that," the king replied.

The stranger stayed the night in a castle guest room. In the morning when the princess awoke, he was gone. "Where did he go?" she asked a guard.

"He went into the East Wood."

As the week passed, there was no word from the stranger. Furthermore, there were reports of a monster with ten orcs and fifteen goblins rampaging through the northern villages. The king sent a troop of men with his highly decorated general to find out what had happened to the villages. The troop had eight knights, including the commander, and twenty-two foot soldiers. The king thought twenty-eight would be enough. The commander said he would not fail. They left seven days before the wedding.

The stranger came back the next day bringing two different types of food and drink. The king tasted it and was amazed with it. He gave some to his aide and his daughter. They loved the drink as well. It was sweeter than wine but not as strong as ale. They wanted as much as he could get for the wedding in order to feed a minimum of 275 people.

"About how many wagons would that be?"

The king answered, "Nearly ten."

"May I take some of your men?" the stranger asked.
"Why, of course, you may. Take as many as you need."
"I will need ten wagons and their drivers--if that is not too much?"
"Why, no. That's not too much."
"I will leave at dawn."
"One more thing," the king asked, "what's your name?"
"Strom."

When morning came, they left. Princess Whitney watched him go. That day the castle was being prepared for the wedding. Some of the groom's party arrived to help.

Two more days passed. With four more until the wedding, there was no sign of Strom. The king was getting worried. There had also been no word from the troop he had sent to the frontier. This disturbed him greatly.

The day before the wedding, Strom and nine of the wagons returned.

"Where is the other wagon?" the king asked.

Strom explained that on their way back, they were ambushed by about twenty orcs. He had tried, but he couldn't save one of the wagons. He said, "Your men had fought like lions if that makes you feel any better."

"How many did you kill?"

"By my own sword, the leader died along with his men. If you want, I will serve whatever the price of my failure is."

"No, you did all you could. I don't blame you, Strom."

"Good. . ." Strom collapsed.

When Strom awoke, he was in bed. Princess Whitney was putting a cold cloth on his head. He asked, "How long have I been out?"

"About two hours. My father is in a good mood. The troop found no one at the frontier, and they are speeding back so all of the king's generals will be at the wedding."

The wedding had just begun when Strom came. He had recovered from his fatigue quite well. The Captain of the Guards and his men showed respect to the bride as she walked down the hall by raising their swords in the air. Prince Henry was waiting for her. He was a tall, thin man with a sword at his side. Whitney had not wanted to marry him, but she always did as her father asked. There was a cry from outside the church area.

The king yelled, "Who dares disturb my daughter's wedding?"

"I do, you fat son of a _____," the Demon growled. "I have come to marry your daughter."

"I will die before you have her," the king replied.

"So be it. . .attack!" the Demon roared.

At that time, twenty orcs and fifty goblins piled through the church door. The Captain of the Guards shouted, "Protect the king." The king commanded his men to guard the princess. Strom had moved toward the princess only to be cut off by three orcs. The prince moved to protect Whitney. Three of the castle soldiers came to her aide as well. The men stood in front of the prince who stood in front of Whitney.

The first to come to harm the princess were four goblins. The guards took care of them with no casualties. Then the Demon came to take his bride-to-be. Though the men fought valiantly and scored hits that would have killed a normal man, they only scarred him. They were painfully and utterly killed. The prince drew his sword. . .then put it down and begged for his life. The Demon, of course, did not accept. He killed Prince Henry with a fist through his back. The princess was defenseless.

In the mean time, Strom had killed two orcs and had another running in terror. He heard the king cry out in pain. The Demon had clawed the king down the front of his entire body. Next, the Demon crossed the church and instantly killed one of the soldiers who was trying to guard the princess while the others stabbed at him in vain. What Strom saw next made him very angry. The prince had given up his life on his knees.

Strom dashed to save Whitney. A goblin got in his way, and he struck him down without breaking stride. The Demon was almost to her when Strom cast the only spell he could remember at the time. That spell put a spider-type web on the Demon. All that did was slow him a little.

Strom made a jump in the air and flew at the Demon. Tearing at the web, the Demon dodged, and Strom flew past. The princess was cornered. Strom was on his feet. He charged. The Demon turned and cast a spell. It was a fireball. When it came close, Strom ducked. The Demon turned, grabbed Whitney, and ran. Strom took out after him, but too many goblins and orcs got in the way. Strom started to cut them down when they surrounded him. He attacked one of the orcs and chopped its head off. As the bloody corpse hit the ground, five soldiers came to help. The final orc hit the ground after a half-hour of fighting.

Strom went to the king's side. The king asked, " Try to get the princess back. "I will give you all the help I can. Troops, supplies, horses, anything."

"May I take some of your men?" the stranger asked.
"Why, of course, you may. Take as many as you need."
"I will need ten wagons and their drivers--if that is not too much?"
"Why, no. That's not too much."
"I will leave at dawn."
"One more thing," the king asked, "what's your name?"
"Strom."

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"All I'll need are some rations. I will leave right away. I will get her back, or die trying."

"I know you will," the king replied breathing heavily.

Off went the warrior at sundown. All who could watched him go. It was not until the next night that he would find the tower, but a lot had happened in a day.

It had taken all night and part of the day for the Demon to get to the tower. He placed the remaining five orcs as guards. He went into his tower with the princess over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He laid her in his room and let her sleep one last peaceful sleep.

When Whitney awoke, she found herself on a beautiful bed in a richly furnished room. It was dark. She found a small knife in a desk. She heard the Demon coming up the stairs. The princess was ready for a fight. The door opened, and then a flash of lightning lit the room as the monster stood in the doorway, an evil grin on his face.

"You will bear my children, and they will rule the world. You should feel honored. You will be my queen," the Demon told her.

"I will kill myself if you take me," Whitney responded.

As another flash of lightning came, the monster moved toward her. Then there were some orcish cries. The Demon went to the door to ask what was happening. There was no answer.

"A little security problem?" Whitney sneered.

Then the window broke, and Strom came flying in on a rope. He stood, drew his sword, and told the Demon, "If you want Whitney, you will have to go through me."

The Demon drew his hideous sword and went toward Strom. Strom cast a sleep spell on him. The Demon just laughed and took hasty swing at Strom, but missed. Strom moved behind him and stabbed at his back. It was a good strike, but even Strom knew that that hit would not be enough. He withdrew the sword to ready for the counter attack. It came, but from his rear. The five orc guards had walked into the room. They attacked, yelling in orcish. Strom turned, but the first orc had a spear and slashed at him. The spear cut the right side of his face from his eye to the bottom of his cheek.

Strom turned his attention to the orcs and charged them. Meanwhile, Whitney was hiding beside the bed. Strom chopped the head off the orc who had scratched his face. Even before the orc's bloody body hit the

floor, Strom moved to stab at another. The orc put up his sword to block, but the rusty sword smashed as Strom's sword went through it and the orc's leather armor sending him to the floor. Another orc tried to strike, but his sword bounced off Strom's chain mail. Then Strom stabbed that orc. He blocked with his sword. Strom next cast the spell fire storm at the two orcs who were coming in the door. All that was left was the one orc. Strom blocked his attack and slashed, sending the orc back. He fell down the stairs and died.

Strom took a big breath, was picked up, and thrown across the room. Whitney who cried out when he landed next to her. Strom said some words of magic. The Demon started to slow down. Then he turned to ice.

"What happened?"

"I cast the spell freeze on him. Come. Let's get you back to your father."

Strom led the way. As Whitney was nearly past the Demon, his arm broke through the ice and grabbed hers. She screamed. The rest of the ice broke, and there was the Demon. He threw Whitney across the bed and glared at Strom with hateful eyes.

"Why do you take my bride from me, petty human?" he snarled. He said a spell that blew Strom out into the hall.

Strom shrugged as he hit the wall, then fell to the floor. He muttered. The Demon stood over him.

"Did you really think you could destroy me?"

"Yes, I do," Strom answered. With that he punched the monster in the chest and ripped out his heart.

The Demon lurched back grabbing his chest. As he fell to his knees, he asked, "How did you do it?"

"I cast the power spell to increase my strength."

The Demon dropped to the floor in his own blood.

With all this excitement, Whitney fainted into Strom's powerful arms. When she awoke, she thought all of what had happened was a dream. She saw blood, but no bodies, or, for that matter, no Strom. She heard one horn blow and then another. Soldiers came up the stairs. The door opened. There was her father. He embraced her and asked how she was.

"Fine, but where is Strom?"

"Strom told us of this place and left to go on his way."

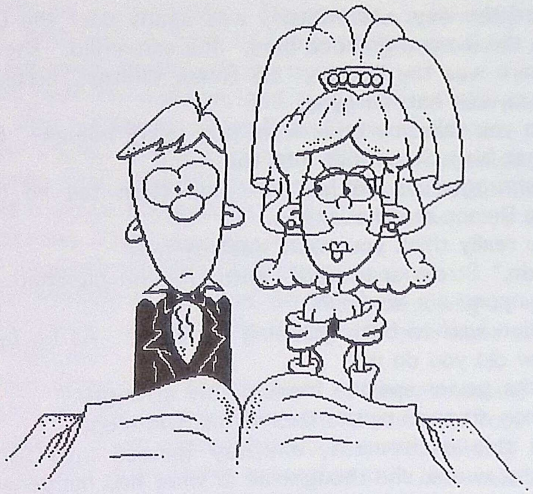
One month later, as the princess day-dreamed about the man who had saved her, her father announced, "The Prince of Avalon is here to court you."

"Another prince? Father, why must look at this one. He is probably like the others," Whitney complained.

"This is the last one for a while. I promise," the king said.

The princess went downstairs. The first thing she saw was the scar on his face as he turned around. When he asked her to be his bride, Whitney said, "Yes." She embraced him and they kissed.

In the end, the marriage between Strom, Prince of Avalon, and Whitney brought good to both kingdoms.



I Am. . .

ADAM

Friendly, sleepy, smart, fun to be with
Brother of Jason
Lover of ice cream, pizza, basketball
Who feels
excited when holidays come, worn out after cutting the grass,
and hungry any time during the day
Who fears
giving a report in front of the whole class,
my brother
Who would like to see Alan Jackson or GARTH BROOKS or BROOKS
and DUNN in concert
Who lives in Davenport

SCHMITT

SUMMER
by
Tara Wulf

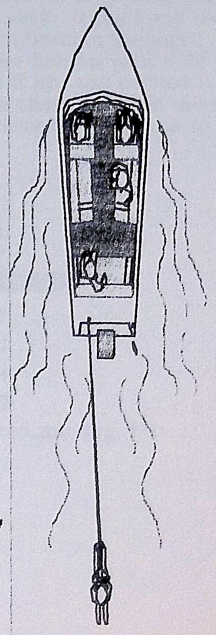
Summer is my favorite season. In the summer you can wear shorts and t-shirts and be comfortable.

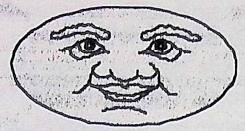
In the summer we go to the Mississippi River and ride our jet ski that we got last year. I like going to the river and kneeboarding, tubing, water skiing, and getting burnt. Then it turns to a good tan.

I also like to go to Scott County Park to swim, hike the trails, and take my three-year-old cousins to the zoo to see the animals.

Another thing I love to do in the summer is go to the Mississippi Valley Fair. It's August 1-7, and, on the second day, it's my birthday. At the Fair we go to the concerts and Clint Henzen, Nick Flenker, Ben Hawley, and I have so much fun. We also ride the rides.

In the summer I also play softball. I am the catcher. I'm always outside messing around or riding my four wheeler at my dad's. I love to go to my sister's friend's house and go horse back riding. We stay outside late and play jail break. I stay the night at different friends' houses. I like summer!





Summer
Humid Hot
Swimming Resting Sweating
Vacations Softball Leaves Pumpkins
Hay rack riding Raking Harvesting
Brown Orange
Autumn

Beth Borchers

LIFE

Life is something you cherish,
you praise, you live it to its
fullest. Life is fun, happy, and
something you have fun with.
Life is God's greatest gift.
People have different theories on
life. Mine is that life is just
GREAT!!!

Todge Elliott

Luke
by
Bucky Warren

My dog is a cross between a German shepherd and a husky. His name is Luke. He is really nice to people. He's always sitting in front of St. Anne's Catholic Church. (We live right next to the church.) All of the members of our church know Luke because he's always out there.

He's been hit by two cars and survived. Once he was chasing a semi and hit the tire. He went flying into the ditch, but he was okay. Another time he was running through the church parking lot when a car came flying around the corner and nailed him. We had to rush him to the vet and just barely made it in time to save him.

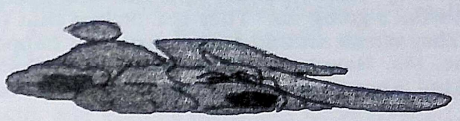
We got him when he was about half a human year old. He had lived with our aunt in Chicago, but they couldn't have pets so they gave him to us.

He is very protective of his family, me and my family that is. Once when my sister was a baby, she was walking toward the road, and Luke took her by the pants and pulled her back to the house. Whenever someone comes to our house in a car he doesn't recognize, he goes crazy.

A few days ago, a stray dog came over to our house and started sniffing around. Luke saw him and walked over. They walked around for a while. Then, all of a sudden, the other dog (I'm not sure what kind of dog it was, but it was big and looked mean) attacked Luke. Luke went after it and bit it in the neck. It ran away bleeding.

About a half hour later, another dog came. It was a German shepherd. It, too, attacked Luke, but before it could get him, I shot it in the behind with a BB gun. It turned and ran into our garage. My dad went in, picked it up, and carried it out. It went right back in. My dad dragged it out again, and Luke chased it down the road.

I really love my dog, and he loves us. I truly believe he would die to protect anyone in my family.



Doggie Days

I rush home from school every day just to feed my dog, but
he complains.
I groom my dog every day, but still
he complains.
I walk him three times a day,but still
he complains.
I play with him six hours a day, but still
he complains.
I gave him my bed that day, but
he wasn't alive the next day.

Todge Elliott

The Internal Teen Machine
by
Jeni Liske

The Internal Teen Machine is this year's play at North Scott Junior High School. The play has really no plot. The only think that really keeps you there is you want to know who won the election to prom queen and how the students got out of the body. If you're slow, like my sister, you'll never get the fact that they are switching from being outside to being inside. Well, I guess you're wondering what the play is all about. It's about a kid named Marc, and he has a problem that he can't sneeze. I mean he'll get the ah-ah-ah-ah-ah. . . but he never gets the "choo" part.

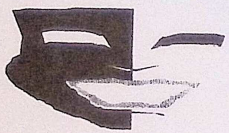
It takes place at the school where the students were about to take an exam in biology and inside of Marc because they were caught in the suction of Marc's "ah" part of a sneeze.

The play has romances--Julia (who thinks she's going win the election to be prom queen against Mindy) and Danny; Mindy and Chad; and Tina and Marc (but Marc can't get the courage to ask her to the prom). Lavinia, Rosie, and Susan are singles.

On the inside there are lots of different organisms like white blood cells, red blood cells, and pathogens. The kids meet up with them throughout the whole play while they can't find their way out of Marc's body. They have many problems along the way besides the organisms--like a Zit! Julia thinks she sees the ZIT, but it's only a smudge of mustard. Chad likes Mindy more than he thought. Mindy finds out she likes Chad more than she thought.

Outside the body, Rosie, Susan, and Tina are trying to find out all they can to figure out what's going on. They get excited that they're going to be in the newspaper. They sneak around to find out what happened to their friends. In the mean time, Ms. Hawthorne hires Detective Poluca to find them. He can't stop thinking about himself to think about what happened to the students.

The show is March 12, 1995, at 3:00 p.m. at North Scott Junior High. Admission to watch the cast of thirty-seven perform and see the efforts of the crew (lights, props, sets) and directors is only $2.00.



Basketball
by
Nicole Meyer

Basketball makes up about 25% of my life. I play on a traveling team which goes and plays basketball every weekend at different tournaments in Iowa. The team consists of nine girls and one coach. We have practice three times a week to prepare for the tournaments. The practices are really long, boring, and tiring, but it is worth the fun we have. The only thing I reallllllly hate is having to do burns. We run the first burn, then the top four people only have to do a lap while the rest of the girls run one more set of burns. Another thing I really hate about practice is something I call the five second drill. It's when three girls have to run down the court doing a three man weave and make the basket without double dribbling, traveling, or bouncing passes. If one of the three does something wrong, the three people have to run a lap.

My favorite thing about playing basketball is going to the tournaments. Even though it's expensive because of the fees, food, gas, and admission, it is all worth it, in my opinion. The things we do after the games and between them are: go to the mall, go to a movie, get something to eat, talk with people from other teams, and pull pranks on the coach and other team members such as Kathy Roling. Our favorite thing to torture Kathy is to pretend to go up to a boy and tell him she likes him and thinks he's really cute. We do this to her all the time, and she still hasn't caught on that we never do it. We'll keep doing it for as long as she'll believe it.

I remember a time when I went to the mall after a game with my mom, Kelly Johnson's mom, and Kathy's mom and brother; it was really fun. There was a Nordic Track demonstration. All of the moms tried it, and everyone was laughing because none of them could do it. Finally, after a couple tries, Kelly's mom did it. I'm sure everyone knew she did, too, since she was screaming because she could do it. After that, Jackie (Kathy's mom) tried on really stupid dresses that were really expensive and really ugly. When that was over, we all went to a place where they sold beds. They all had fun on the bed that moves with remote. That was probably the funniest thing all day.

Now we have come to the end of the season, and, to my disappointment, this will be my last year of playing traveling team basketball since I will move up to the high school. I'm sure I will continue to have many more good times playing basketball in high school, but, if I don't, I can always remember the four years I did.

Channel One Response
(reacting to a news item about hate crimes)
by
Brian Fry

I think it's stupid when white people call black people "niggers" just because of the color of their skin, or when a white guy calls another white guy a "nigger" just because he sags his pants. That's about the stupidest thing I ever heard. You aren't a nigger because of the color of your skin or the way you dress. You're a nigger because of your attitude.

I consider myself an expert on this because I sag my pants--not because I'm a nigger but because I have the right to dress the way I want to. I get sick of people telling me to pull up my pants and calling me nigger.

I think hate crimes should stop. It's not fair to the people who are different that are getting beat up every day.

Hate
(a piece written to clearly show emotion)
by
Kevin Albers

That stupid kid.
He can't do anything right.
He is such a moron.
He can't even set a volleyball up.
I am going to kick his b- - -.
Why does he have to be on my team?
Why can't he be on the other team?
I wish he would just
die.

The Coke Cola Bears
by
Erika Wallace

It all started when I got off track and onto the wrong plane. I was so tired that as soon as I was in my seat I fell right asleep and failed to hear the stewardess say, "Next stop, North Pole."

I woke up in a deep freeeeeze! Man, it was cold. I asked the stewardess why it was so cold. She answered, "Well, Sir, you have to expect that at the North Pole."

"What? The North Pole? I was supposed to go to Bermuda."

When I arrived, I got off the plane and decided to head shopping because I just about froze to death. I got to Target and bought out the store of winter clothes. Next I found a phone booth that a defreezer had just defrozen. Yes, a defreezer is a man that goes around and defrosts all the phone booths, lights, etc. Anyway, I called up one of my few friends that was crazy enough to live up there, said I was in town, and asked it if would be all right to come stay with him. He gave me directions, and I was soon headed off to his house. I arrived at a nice cottage that was underground so it would be protected from cold and wind. I was greeted with a cup of hot chocolate and the smiling faces of his family. I was offered their oldest's bedroom and soon hit the hay. I was exhausted. I slept very well.

I awoke the next morning to the smell of bacon and eggs. I got up and got ready. By the time I was ready to leave for school. Soon I was all by my lonesome with the only one to talk to, the family pet, a turtle. After I awoke a little more, I decided to go for a walk. It was then I met the Coke Cola Bears.

I went down the hill about a mile and came upon a cave. I was a little chilly. (Who am I kidding? It was freezing.) I decided to knock thinking another family lived there. Well, I was right. Another family did live there, but not the kind of family I was expecting. It was a family of bears. They were very hospitable, but, to tell you the truth, I was scared.

That afternoon I went home and made some phone calls and finished up some work. Everybody came home around 4:00 p.m. and we chatted until about 9:00 p.m.

The next day I went back to observe these animals. It was getting near Christmas. As soon as I arrived, I saw them getting a pine tree and attempting to pull it up a hill. I have them some help, and then went in

The Battle

Twenty-two men met on a battle field
Fighting for territory
A warrior lay injured
Men ran out with a stretcher
They carried him off in a big red van
The battle goes on and on
Still no end in sight
Then
Finally

TOUCHDOWN

Chip Heintz

SPORTS
by
Clint Henzen

My favorite sports are baseball, basketball, and football. In baseball this year I traveled to Clinton because I made the All Star Team. We didn't do so well. We didn't make it out of Clinton. We were beaten by some other teams. I wish we had gone far so we could play some hard teams, but it we had made it anywhere, we would have gotten beaten out before we could have done anything. In basketball I will be playing on a 4-H team. We will play the other teams. We got first place two years ago. I play football tonight, September 8, 1994. We scrimmage the other team. I hope we win.

and helped them decorate. They made some hot apple cider, and we had supper.

It was getting close to the day I was to leave for home so I decided it was worth an interview with them. I went to their house for the third day in a row. I told them the whole first half of my story which contained everything up to that point in time. They agreed to an interview. We sat down at their kitchen table and began.

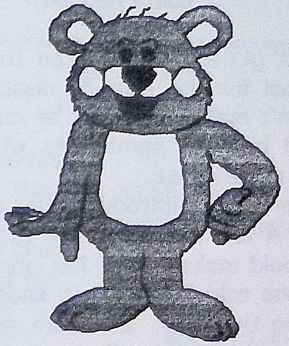
They started telling me when they were born.

"Whoa," I said, "Wait a minute. I just want a short summary, you know, where you've been, where you work, stuff like that. . ."

They went on to tell me they were bears from some kind of weird pop that was from the oldies. Then Coke Cola came around and offered them a great deal. Coke asked them if they could advertise the daily ordinary life of the polar bears wind their friends. I know I had see them before but couldn't figure out where. We talked for another three hours. By then it was nine, and I was beat.

Before I left for home on Monday, I went back to say goodbye to the bears and wish them luck for the coming year. I told them I would be back to visit and would cheer them on every time I saw their commercial. I apologized for not spending time with Bob and his family and they apologized for not being home that much. I got on the plane and fell asleep.

When I got home, my friends met me at the airport. We exchanged greetings. On the way home, I told my friends about my adventure. They didn't even believe me. Months later I got a letter form the bears and a family picture. Finally all my friends believed me. I had to admit I had a wonderful time.



Dreams

My dreams come to me at night.
Dreams that fill my head with hope.
Dreams that fill my head with horror.
Dreams about my dear friends,
Dreams about my close, loving family.
Dreams that make me quiver,
Dreams that make me smile.
The dreams are so different.
They change every night.
Dreams that make you want to sleep forever,
Dreams that wake you up screaming.
Dreams about love,
Dreams about death.
Dreams that are impossible
Dreams that come true

Heather Mohr

The Unsatisfied Girl
by
Laura Henson

Once there was a girl everybody liked to make fun of because she went to a special school for the learning disabled. When she went to a regular school, they didn't make fun of her as much. Her name is Elizabeth. They say she is stupid because sometimes when forgets things or says something that doesn't make sense.

One day one of her friends introduced her to some of the popular kids who began to like her. A few days later she thought since she was friends with everybody, she would make fun of her other friends. When her best friend heard about it, she told Elizabeth to knock it off. She would never get any friends by acting that way. Elizabeth said she was sorry, and they all forgave her.

The New and Improve Elizabeth

Three months later Elizabeth had changed very much, not in a bad way, but in a good way. She had been gone for a while, and when she came back, all of the kids liked her new way. She had changed everything including her hair, clothes, make-up, weight, and actions. All of the guys thought she was beautiful.

When it came time for the prom, a really nice guy named Jonathan asked her to the dance. She told him yes. For the rest of the day all she could think about was the prom. When she got home, she told her mom about her date.

The day of the prom Elizabeth was so worried she almost fainted. Her mom had to take her out somewhere so she wouldn't have to worry about when to get dressed or anything else. When her mom finally took her home, she got ready and Jonathan came to take her to the prom.

When they got there, all of her friends told her she looked very pretty and that nobody stood a chance against her to win prom queen. When it came time to announce the king and queen, Elizabeth and Jonathan won. They were so surprised and happy. They went to the park and threw a party. After the party, everyone got home safely.

Ten years later all of their friends had grown up. They all went to college, including Elizabeth and Jonathan. After college, Elizabeth and Jonathan got married and had two children, a boy and a girl. They grew up to take after their parents. They went through many of the same things, but they learned faster from their mom and dad's stories. They became counselors so they could help kids with the same kinds of problems they had had. Everyone lived happily ever after.

UNTITLED
imagery piece

Beautiful summer morning,
Grass still wet from the late night rain
A little boy and girl run hand in hand through the flowery meadow
Sun beating down on them
As the boy hands the girl
A bouquet of flowers

Kara Carstens

The Deadly Chase
by
James Riedesel

Chapter One

Thump! It was, maybe not, yeah,it was. That sound was all too familiar to not know. It was the sound of an arrow hitting the tree I was hiding behind. I reached around the tree. It was! I felt the cold smoothness of the arrow, but where was he? He could be anywhere. He might even be moving around me to get a better shot. My instincts told me to run and not stop, but that might be what he was waiting for--for me to move so he could get a better shot at me.

Then I felt it. A sharp pain in my arm three or four inches above my elbow. I could feel the warm blood running down my arm. I looked to see how much blood I was losing. The arrow was tipped with a broad head. The flesh was split and hanging off to the side. It was a reddish brown color and was torn open. The arrow was dripping dark red. I knew he was still on the opposite side of the tree. I moved over so he couldn't shoot me again.

I had to get the arrow out to stop the bleeding. The problem was that a broad head is not easy to remove. Then I remembered that all aluminum arrows are made so you can unscrew the tip and replace it. I unscrewed the broad head being careful not to cut my hand. (Broad heads are razor sharp to cut through the bones of the animal you're shooting.) Then, slowly, I pulled the bloody arrow from my arm and put the broad head back on. Maybe I could use it to distract him and then run.

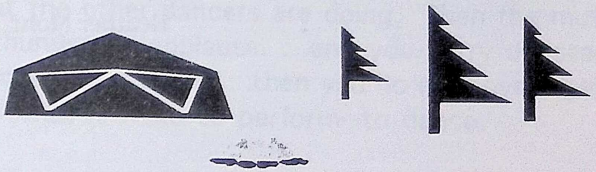
I decided to throw the arrow to my left (south) and run north. After a while I looped around to try to get back to camp. The only thing was, I didn't have much time because he would be able to follow my blood trail. The wound really wouldn't slow me as much as it would let him know where I was going and where I had been unless I could find a stream and run toward camp. There was a stream not far from my camp. I remembered it because everybody told me the water in Montana was edible, and I could drink it without getting sick. I had wanted to find out if that was true.

I traveled about two and a half miles before I turned west. After about another mile, I found the stream and walked down it. It was about six feet wide and about four feet deep. It was warm and relaxing. I

started my way down, heading south toward camp (hopefully). I knew if this was the right stream, my camp would be west of it. I kept an eye out for camp while keeping my head below the bank. This wasn't hard since the bank was three feet above water level. After another fourth mile, I saw my camp. I headed over trying not to leave footprints which now (because the bleeding had stopped) was the only way he could track me.

I knew I didn't have much time. I had to get a few supplies. I put the sleeping bag, food, and clothes in the backpack. The canteen and an extra survival knife I put on my belt. (It was a good thing I had the extra knife because I had dropped one I carried somewhere. I had packed it as one of those "just in case" things that you always plan for--like extra food, extra clothes, extra this, extra that until you have your half-ton truck so loaded it can't move more than five feet down hill.) I grabbed my supplies, bow and arrows, and headed west. I planned to turn southwest after ten or twelve miles to get to town and report the guy that had shot me and was chasing me.

I was tired and hungry. It wouldn't hurt to have a snack while traveling as long as I kept going to be quite a ways ahead of him. I knew, even if he hadn't seen the route I took and even if I didn't leave any kind of trail, he would be able to track me. He was obviously a good hunter. He would probably figure out I had gone back for supplies so I could go wherever I planned. As I moved through the trees and brush, I thought about what was happening and what had happened back there. As I jogged along, questions came to mind. The one that came up again and again was WHY? Why was this man trying to kill me? Was it fun for him? Was it because of something I did to him? Or, was it because I knew something he didn't want me to know?



Can You Tell Me Why?

Why are the children of this great nation so uncaring about
things that have happened and will happen to others?
That may be a question that will never be answered.
Some of us may never know if it is.
People are dying every day.
Why doesn't anybody care
People wonder, "Will I be the next to die?"
People are scared to go outside.
Why must people be so scared?
They say the gangs aren't here yet, but we see them every day.
They kill who they want, when they want, where they want.
People say there's too much crime, but aren't doing anything to
stop it!
Why aren't they doing anything?
People leave guns where children can find them.
Children are killing other children.
Why own a gun if you don't have it hidden well or tell your kids
never to touch it.
People don't make any sense in this world we live in today!
There were many crimes when we first started this nation, but
nothing like the crimes of today.
Please, can you tell me why the world is like it is?
Tell me why all the deaths must occur!
Why, oh, why is the world like it is?

Can you tell me why?

Heather Mohr

What It Feel Like to Dance
by
Katie Ervin

It's hard to describe the feeling you get when the curtain opens. When the music starts to play, the rush of adrenaline, the shine of the lights, the hush that comes over the crowd--it's time to dance. You put on your best smile and give it your all. You feel the magic in your heart as your feet glide you gracefully across the stage, and suddenly you are swept up in the moment.

But what are you dancing for? I often dance for the audience, for my parents, for my friends, and even for those I don't know. This year I'm trying something new. This year--I am dancing for the Lord. It's a very powerful feeling when you hear the music, and in your mind, before you start, you think, "This one is for you, God."

Practices are every week in preparation for the big show. You go over routines and pretend you're on stage, but it's not the same as actually being there. You can see the other dancers, watch them in the mirrors. You pay attention to what they're doing and how you can make yourself better.

It's totally different when you're on stage. You no longer see the other dancers, but you can feel their presence. The auditorium is black, and the only indication that anyone is there is the applause you hear. Concentrating on doing your best, you wonder what the other dancers are doing. Then the music stops. . .there is thunderous applause. . .and you hurry off stage. . .it's time for a costume change. . .then you do it all over again.

That's what it's like to perform--to dance.

The Kidnapping
by
Katti Krug

The day started out as a regular one. Katti and her friends were having a party at her house. Her parents weren't home, but that was okay. They were all over sixteen and felt they were old enough to take care of themselves. The amount of friends equaled eight and they were all very good friends. Katti had four boys and four girls at the party--Dan, C.J., Justin, Brett, Jodi, Sara, Angie, and Julie. The girls stayed in Katti's bedroom doing their nails and putting on make-up. Katti had the stereo on, but they couldn't hear it because the boys had the television on really loud. All of a sudden there was a really loud bang.

"What was that? I swear this party's getting really scary," said Julie. "Already the stereo has gone dead and so has every other electrical thing in the house."

"Now what are those girls up to? It's not very funny when they put out the electricity in the middle of a game. C.J., where's the breaker box?" Dan asked.

"How should I know! I haven't been in this house before. I just know that if we don't get this fixed soon, the game's going to be over," C.J. complained.

"Hey, where are the boys? They were here the last time I came downstairs. This is really getting weird," Angie said.

"Now, don't worry Katti. They'll show up. All we should do is wait in this room. The boys will find us eventually," said Sara.

The girls sat down on the overstuffed couch. Katti tried the phone. It was dead. Jodi started to cry and Sara comforted her. Julie talked to herself in a whisper. Suddenly, they heard voices.

"Who's there?" they asked.

"It's just us," Justin answered. "We were trying to find the breaker box. We found it, but it is totally out. Katti, do you have any candles?"

Brett followed Katti up the dark stairwell to get the candles from the big dining room cabinet. Katti opened the drawer and felt around. "They aren't here, but this is where we keep them."

"Well, then somebody must have taken them out. When was the last time you used candles?"

"When the power went out last time, that was last year. I put them back, though."

They slowly went back downstairs. It was getting dark. The sun was going down, and there was a gorgeous sunset, but no one noticed it.

"Good, you're back. Did you find the candles?" C.J. asked.

"Nope, but we were talking, and there isn't a storm outside so how could the power go out. Someone must have cut the wires," Brett said.

Jodi started to cry again. "Why is this happening to us? We've never done anything to hurt anyone!"

They sat in a circle while Julie tried to get Jodi to stop crying. She finally succeeded. Katti, C.J., and Justin talked about what they were going to do.

Katti said, "We can't leave. It's too dark. We should stay here. We have food, and it's not cold out, so we can stay warm. We can wait till my parents get home."

What Katti did not know what her parents were home. They just hadn't come into the house. They had been slaughtered outside their own home by a killer no one in the neighborhood had seen.

Two days passed, and Katti's parents weren't back. Everyone was scared, but no one said anything in front of Jodi because she was on the verge of hysteria. Dan told Katti he wanted to talk to her in private. He and C.J. had a few questions.

"Where are your parents? They said they would be back soon. We have enough food and everything, but I'm wondering why this guy's doing this to us," said Dan.

"Well, how do you think I feel? My parents are missing, Jodi is hysterical, and everyone else is soooo quiet. I'm as scared as you guys are. We just have to think of a plan to out-smart this person."

"What if we sneak out in the middle of the night? No one will see us if where are careful, and we can do it one at a time through a window. It will be super easy," said C.J.

"We might as well try, but when? We need to tell everyone else. Let's sneak out tonight. We'll tell everyone at supper," said Dan.

After supper, Dan told everyone the plan. They climbed out the kitchen window and run around to the front of the house. That's when they saw the killer and the killer saw them.

"Run. Run as fast as you can. I'll get the car started and meet you at the top of the street. Now GO!" whispered Katti.

Katti ran to the car. The killer followed her. She opened the car door, climbed in shutting the door and locking it behind her. She saw the bodies of her parents and two sisters outside. "I've got to start this car," she thought.

The killer was getting closer. He had nearly reached the car when it started. Katti pulled out of the driveway and went up the street.

"Hop in, you guys. Quick! That man has a car, and he will follow us. Let's head to your house, Jodi. It's closest to the police department. We can call the police from there."

That's just what they did. Finally the nightmare came to an end.

Dateless
by
John Roper

"Ahhhhhhhhh! I had no date for the big dance!"

Hi, my name is Adam. I really liked this one girl named Martina, the most popular girl in school. My best friend Stephen also liked her. We both asked her to the dance.

On February fourteenth, the day of the Valentine's Day dance, Martina didn't know who to pick. She said she would pick one of us after school at 3:30. At 8:00 that day a new girl came into our homeroom. Her name was Nikki. Stephen and I started to think we liked Nikki better than Martina.

At 3:30 Martina picked me, and I said, "No!" Then Martina went over to Stephen and said she would go to the dance with him, and he said "No!" Stephen and I went over to Nikki to ask her to the dance. She said, "No!" to both of us. We turned and looked at Martina, and she was laughing; because of what we had done, nobody wanted to dance with Stephen or me that night.

LIKE MIKE

MICHAEL JORDAN HE'S MY IDOL,
HELPED THE BULLS WIN THE TITLE.

NAME WAS KNOWN ALL AROUND,
FEET ALWAYS LEFT THE GROUND.

AVERAGED THIRTY POINTS A GAME,
DEFENDED THE OTHER TEAM TO SHAME.

HIT THE GAME WINNING SHOT,
HE WAS THE CREAM OF THE CROP.

LEFT HIS GAME FOR ANOTHER SPORT,
INVOLVES A BALL OF A DIFFERENT SORT.

NOW HE TRIES TO PUT THE BALL OVER THE WALL,
HE'S PLAYING BASEBALL.

REID BLANCHE

Dad the Working Man

Dad the Working Man
Such a great guy
Makes wood things
Fixes the car
Helps when needed

Dad, the Working Man
What a great guy
Loves to read
Skies sometimes
Watches football

Dad, the Working Man
Such a good guy
Works third shift
Cleans machines
Sleeps hardly ever

Dad the Working Man
What a wonderful guy

Tricia Millam

Cl - Cl - Cl - Clause Man

Christmas is my favorite day,
'cause Santa comes a long, long way.

He puts the toys in his sleigh,
He flies around and visits Bombay.

At home he sits with his wife,
that's how he spends the rest of his life.

At least until next year when he'll be,
up on your rooftop, but don't look and see.

With a long beard and big chubby belly,
he'll eat anything from cold cuts to jelly.

Santa likes you and me,
see Christmas morning how nice he can be.

Katie Goodall

Color Poem

**Red is a rose,
so very neat.**

**Blue is a lollipop,
sour and sweet.**

**Yellow is the sun,
so bright and big.**

**Brown is a tree trunk,
with a little twig.**

**Gold is a bracelet,
shiny and new.**

**Black is a kitten,
staring at you.**

**Gray is the dusk,
as it turns into night.**

**Silver is the shadows,
as they pass with fright.**

Sarah Dorn

My Little Gift to You

I made these gifts just for you,

A tiny boot and a little bell too.

You'll have a collection as the years go by,

some I will make; others I will buy.

If you don't like them,

tell me so.

All I will do is sew one more.

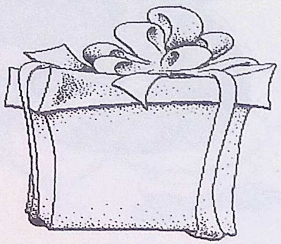
as you grow older,

these gifts will too.

You will cherish these,

like I cherish you.

Lindsey Peekenschneider

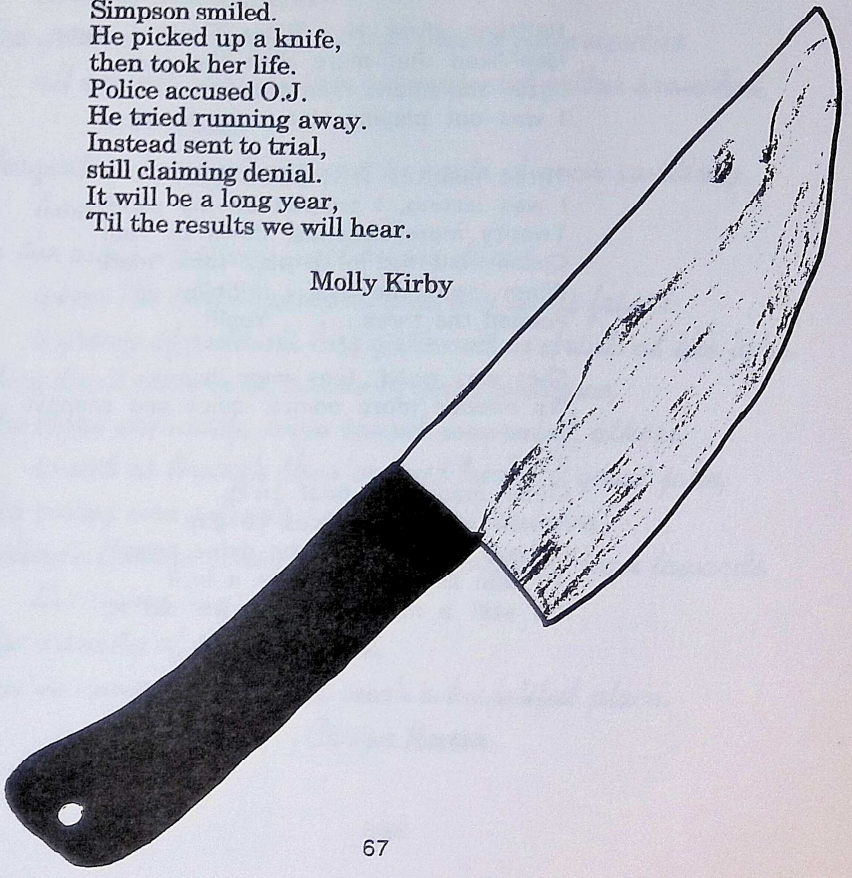


Murder - O.J. and Nicole

What the prosecutors say....

There was a big fight,
this warm summer night.
He got very mad,
Nicole, very sad.
After a while,
Simpson smiled.
He picked up a knife,
then took her life.
Police accused O.J.
He tried running away.
Instead sent to trial,
still claiming denial.
It will be a long year,
'Til the results we will hear.

Molly Kirby



Basketball Breakaway

The big game was minutes away
I could hardly wait to play
I was getting warmed up, I took a shot
No backboard, no rim, air was all I got.

Start of the game, I jumped for the ball
The whistle bleW, a foul was the call
I looked straight at the ref, now I was mad
I didn't foul him, the call was bad.

Halftime show the Silver Shakers came
Men liked that more than the game
After the show, men tuned back in
I was out playing the game again.

Three minutes left, down by two
I was sitting, I tripped on my shoe
Twenty more seconds, down by four
Coach sent me in to play some more
When I got the ball, I dribbled up
Popped the three... Yup!!!

Shot was good, fans were happy
We needed more points, quick and snappy.

8... 7... 6...
Clock made its final ticks
Arnold steals , passes to Jay
He lays it in to put the game away,
We won the game, we're a hit!!
It's still a mystery- how we did it.

Wes Keppy

Yellowstone National Park

Out in the backlands of Yellowstone
no one's around for miles,
Your ears hum with the silence
your own quiet footsteps thunder loudly in your ears,
Icy cold streams rush past you
carving out the land,
The ground is carpeted in soft brown pine needles
all around lay old tree stumps and fallen branches
rotted soft,
Mosquitoes buzz all around in spite of your swatting
hand,
In the early morning, just before dawn,
when the sky is purple, and the air is frigid
a group of animals has gathered to drink at the lake.
They don't seem to be aware of your presence,
The loons are noisy, some sound mournful, others
sound as though they've just heard a great joke,
The rising sun reflects upon the silver lake,
Delicate flowers covered in glistening dew lean towards
the rising sun,
The serenity of it is peaceful,
You've never experienced such a beautiful place.

Caryn Rouse

Love Is...

Love is great,
Love is grand

It doesn't need a house or a pet,
It doesn't even need a wedding

Love doesn't come on paper,
Or on the telephone

Love comes from the heart,
Not from the mouth

Love needs trust,
Love needs friendship,
Love comes from a caring heart

Love isn't just for the hot movie stars,
Love is for someone
Like you and me

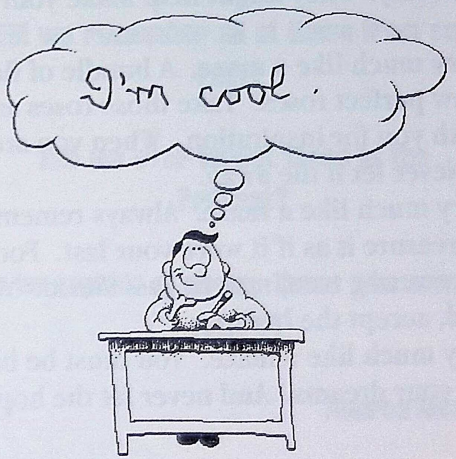
And love is the greatest,
For every human being.

Jennifer Beerbower

My Booger Eatin' Brother

My brother drives me crazy
Always in my way
Watches dumb T.V. shows
Picks his nose
Whines all the time
Says, "That's Mine!"
Does everything I do
I think he's gone Coo Coo!!
Scatters his toys
Makes tons of noise
Smells like a mule
And despite all that....
He thinks he's cool.

Dustin Waters



Life Is Very Much Like A Maze
by
Tara Lynn Martin

Life is very much like a maze. It has turn after turn, twist after twist, curve after curve. Each second there is a new decision to be made-- should I turn right or left? Should I turn back now and undo my path? There are millions of sharp turns and dead ends but you must keep heading forward to what lies ahead.

Life is very much like a maze. You never know where you are going to end up, but you want to get there quickly.

Life is very much like a maze. You must watch where you step because each move you make has an impact on where the path of the maze shall lead you.

Life is very much like a maze. You mustn't ever forget that you are in control. And don't be afraid to accept the maps that may come your way. They might help make your journey slightly easier.

Life is very much like a maze. A bundle of flowers here and there with a few perfect roses. Take those roses and cherish them. Carry them with you for inspiration. When you are down and out, hold a rose... Never let it die away.

Life is very much like a maze. Always remember to hold onto each day and treasure it as if it were your last. For all you know, danger, due to a wrong turn, may be just ahead. You must learn to accept the good, accept the bad.

Life is very much like a maze. You must be brave and follow your heart and your dreams. And never let the hope fade...

Fall Is Coming, Can't You Tell

An apple hit me on the head
The trees in the yard are starting to lose their leaves
The birds are starting to fly south
The animal's hair is growing longer
There's no time to play after school
The days are getting shorter
The nights longer every day
Where has all this time gone?
Kids are sad to go to school
It's getting colder everyday
People don't want to see summer go
Why, oh why must fall and winter come so soon?

Heather Mohr

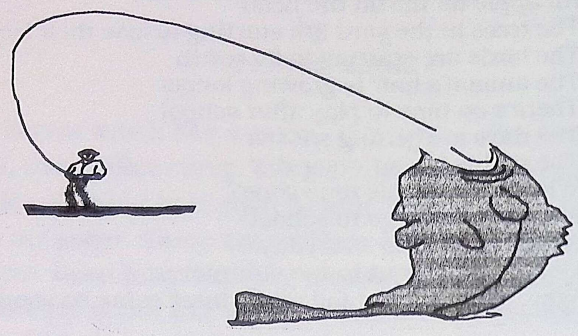
Memories, Gifts, and Dreams

Will we remember all of those from our Past?

Will we ever forget those in the Present?

Will we be capable of seeing those who await in the Future?

Andrea Murphy



Fishing in the John Boat
by
Beth Kiefer

One day, while Amanda and I were fishing in the Mississippi River, a big whale named Shamoo swam past our boat and started making these huge waves. Then he started to make even bigger waves by splashing with his tail, and our little john boat tipped over!

Our Mom's had made us extra special lunches with little hearts in the middle of our sandwiches, I love it when they do that, so we held on to them. I guess that wasn't a very smart thing to do, but we hadn't had our boating safety unit in gym yet. We started to sink to the bottom.

The last thing I remember seeing was five little speckled frogs, sitting on a speckled log, eating the most delicious bugs.

I guess I must have passed out, because when I came to, we were at the bottom of the Mississippi. That is where we met two little exotic blue and red fish named Jason and Jason Jr. They swam up to us and started talking to us. It was kind of hard to understand them, but I think they said something like, "Follow Me", but Amanda doesn't think so. We were open to suggestions since we were running out of air, so we decided, what the heck?

Anyway, Jason and Jason Jr. led us to this really cool cavern. It was almost like it is up on land, except it is filled with water that you can breathe.

It was there that we met these really hot mermen named Bert and Ernie. I thought Bert was really nice, and after a couple dates, I was in love with him. I guess that he felt the same way I did because he was the first one to bring up the subject of marriage.

He said that before we could get married, we had a mission to do. The mission was to catch all the alligators that were eating all the fish and chasing all the mermaids.

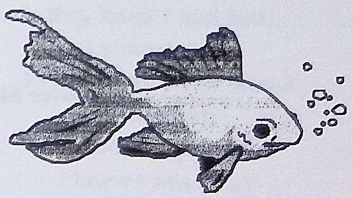
When I told Amanda that we were engaged, she said that she was, too. The funny thing was that Ernie said the same thing to her.

Amanda and I decided to go ahead and kill the alligators. I had seen them a few times while I was fishing and thought they were ugly. Bert gave us a new john boat, and we went back to the surface of the Mississippi and wrestled alligators for a few years. When we had killed all the alligators that we could find, we skinned them and made a tail like Bert and Ernie had so we could swim around as well as they could. With the few skins that Amanda didn't use, we sold them and got rich quick.

We went back to Bert and Ernie, who were in the middle of a concert. When they saw us, they made us come up in stage and sang "I Will Always Love You" to us.

You know how everyone always says that absence makes the heart grow fonder? Well, it doesn't. Things just didn't work out for us, and before we knew it, we were swimming at the top of the Mississippi. Good thing we had killed all those alligators, or we wouldn't be here.

Pretty soon, we met Yakko and Wacko, but that is a different story.



Falling

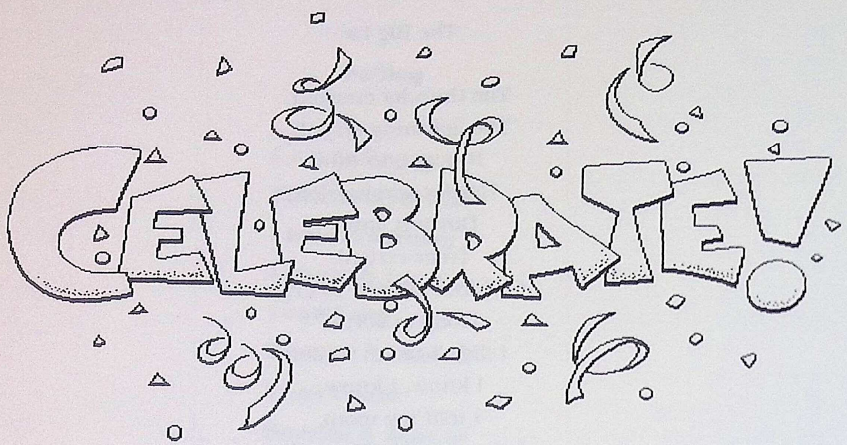
I am falling
Farther & farther
I am screaming
Louder & louder
I can't see
Blurrier & blurrier
I can't hear
Scarier & scarier
Oh the force is pushing
Harder & harder
I can't breathe
Less & less
I shall land soon
Scared & scareder
Death is near
Dying,
Dead

Heather Mohr

The Big Lie

The thunder cracked,
The lightning struck,
It began to rain
Harder and harder
Down it came,
Trees rattled,
Children started to cry,
God, I'm sorry,
I didn't mean to lie,
I know, I know,
I told my mom
I was going to Hardee's,
But instead I hit a few parties,
I danced and danced
until I flew into a trance,
I was shuffling my feet
to the beat,
I was movin',
And a groovin',
'till the clock struck one,
I knew I had fun,
when I got home
my mom was sad,
my Dad was mad,
they knew I had lied,
I almost died,
I was grounded for weeks
and weeks,
Oh, my gosh,
I knew I was dead,
Yes, I was dead!!!

Joey Hanssen



Party Hardy

Party Hardy,
Rock and Roll,
when you drink
you lose control.
Just be careful what you do,
you never know what will happen to you.
Just think before you drink!

It can save your life!

Kristina Ruiz

Secrets and Lies
by
Julie Dieckmann

One of my best friends is a foster child. We've known each other for about five years now. The first time I spent the night at her house she told me her whole life story. In the wee hours of the night, she opened this old, torn, gloomy trunk. At the time you could tell this trunk meant a lot to her by her facial expressions. She told me that her parents were divorced and they were in prison. She shared a few pictures and cards from her mother with me. I was very confused about what to say to her. She was crying frantically, I thought she could make a river of tears. The only thing I could do was try and comfort her. From that night on I stuck by her and promised to never tell her secret about being a foster child.

We were inseparable friends. I helped my friend through many difficult situations. All of a sudden she began to lie to me about things she didn't have to lie about. She told me these amazing tales about living in California that seemed as if they could be real or unreal. My family believed most of the stories she told. Later, we found out that she had never even been out of Illinois or Iowa. I couldn't believe that I was so gullible; neither could my parents! It was very hard for my family to believe her ever again.

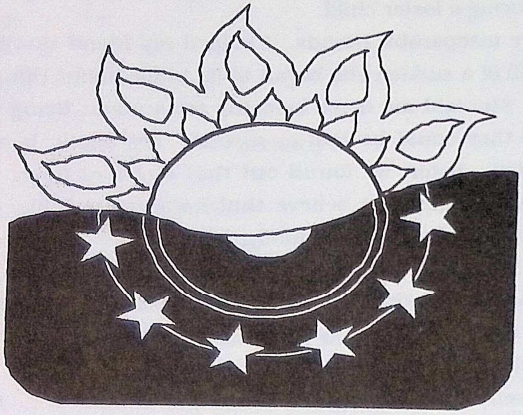
It was as if they weren't fibs to her; they were stories she made herself believe so that she wouldn't have to be reminded of her real life.

After a couple of years my friend's dad got out of jail. Naturally, she had to go live with him. I hadn't even thought of her leaving. Luckily, she only moved to Davenport. I would visit her every chance I got. After the first year she spent with her dad, her father realized that he didn't want her anymore. So next she had to go live at her aunt and uncle's house. Soon they decided that they didn't want her anymore either. Finally her mom got out of prison, and she went to live with her mom briefly, but she didn't want her just like the others. She then went back to live with her foster parents.

On Halloween night my friend, her foster parents, and I went to get her clothes from her aunt and uncle's house, and her dad was there. My friend was talking with her family, when they asked her to come back and live with them. That was the worst thing that could ever happen in her life. I felt so

bad, I thought that I could cry. Luckily, she didn't go because she realized she would probably end up in the same position she was in now.

I still help my friend through her problems, big or small. When I look at her I think of how lucky I am to have parents who do love and care for me. It's so unfair for my friend having to live knowing her parents don't love her. I've helped her to get rid of most of her lying habit. My friend will now stay with her foster parents in Princeton until she is at least eighteen, and she will never go back to live with her parents. She is finally happy, and that makes me very happy.



Another One Bites the Dust
by
Brian Strohm

It was a dark and stormy night when suddenly a shot rang out. You could hear the tinkling of glass as a speeding bullet went through a window in a distant alley. Somewhere birds are singing and somewhere people are happy, but not here in Mudville. Mudville is a place where the crime rate is so high, the criminals named the city.Its original name is Any Where, USA. When the criminals started taking over, they renamed it.

I'm Double O Doug. I'm a private eye. The Feds want me, but I turned them down.

It was a slow day, and playing solitaire just didn't cut it. Then they walked in. They were an older couple, and they had a problem. Their son, Eric, turned up on the floor of his apartment--dead. I took the case.

I decided to visit the crime scene. The place was a mess. There were things scattered everywhere. It looked like someone was looking for something. In the center of the floor was the taped outline of where the body had been. I started looking around but didn't find anything. I only wish I knew what they were looking for, and if they found it.

The neighbors had all heard a brief argument and then a loud band. Nobody saw anyone suspicious enter the building. The door attendant did see a suspicious looking car pull up, but nobody came in.

When I got back to the office, chief told me that I was getting a new partner since my last partner died on a recent case. I got to my office and started working on the paper work. Then my new partner walked in. Her name was Katie. She had already been briefed from the chief about the case and was ready to work.

We went to the bar of 54th Street because that is where Eric usually bought his drinks. The bartender told us that Eric's enemies were the Green Belt Gang and Bobby.

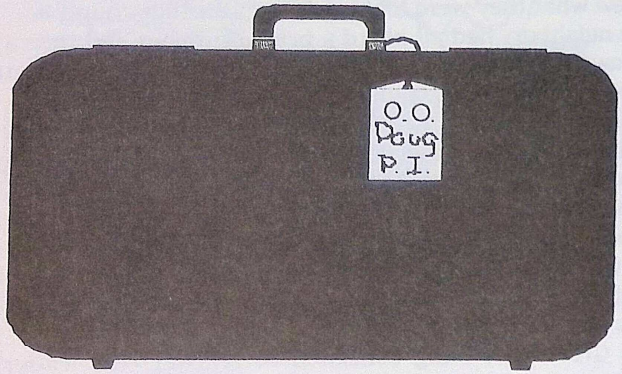
The Green Belt Gang consisted of Rooster (the leader), his body guards (three fat pigs), Lanolin (the girl down the street), plus Mighty Mouse, Darkwing Duck, and Underdog (the tough ones for the gang). Bobby is a kid who can get you into his imagination and completely control you. His body guards are Mr. T and the Tick. We didn't know who to go after--Bobby or the Green Belt Gang.

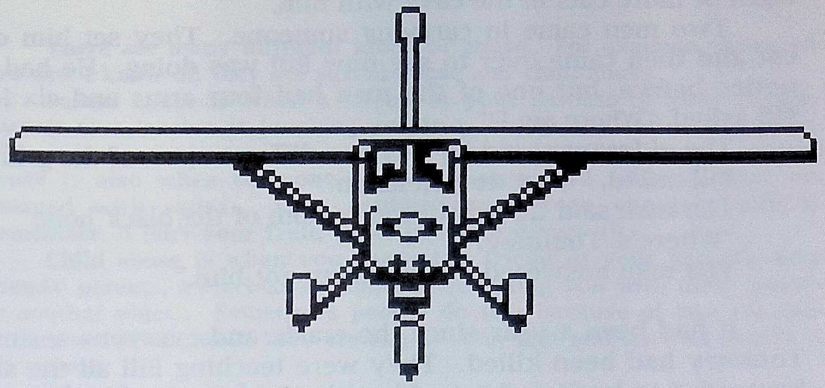
As we were leaving the bar, Katie brought my attention to Underdog guarding the door to a back room. I told her to stay there while I took out

Underdog. I thought I could take him. I was wrong. He saw me coming and grabbed a bottle. He got me down and was about to hit me with the bottle when Katie came up behind him and knocked him out. Thank goodness, she didn't listen to me. Through the door we heard Bobby talking about the one million dollars he had stolen from Eric. Now we knew who did it.

We busted through the door to find Bobby and The Tick playing poker. As soon as Bobby saw us, he tried to get our minds into his imagination. The Tick came up behind me to get rid of me. I didn't see him coming because I was too busy worrying about Bobby. The Tick leaped in the air, hoping to land on me and crush me. Katie saw him coming and pushed me out of the way. The Tick landed on Bobby and knocked him flat. Katie and I put them away for good.

Another open and shut case.





FLIGHT TO A NEW WORLD
by
Bill Smith

Tommey jumped up after the bell. He was waiting for Bill out by his 1972 Chevelle that his dad got him for his birthday. They were going to Colorado to look at the football camp. They had to do something for Bill's mother, then they were off.

When they got to the airport, Tommey say a girl he used to go out with. He started messing around with her and almost missed the plane. After they had been on the plane for about an hour, Tommey started getting restless. He was getting loud, and Bill was getting mad. Then the plane began to shake, and it started going down. There was a flash. The plane hit the ground.

When Bill woke up, he was lying on a cot of some sort and there was a girl with him he did not know. He tried to speak, but she shushed him. She said her name was Elke. She asked what his name was.

All he said was, "Where's Tommey?"

She did not know who Tommey was.

Bill sat up and looked around. To his surprise, there were eight or more cots in the cave with him.

Two men came in carrying someone. They set him on a cot and then came over to see how Bill was doing. He had not notice before, but one of the men had four arms and six legs. Bill asked, "Where am I?"

The older man said he was in a different part of the galaxy.

Bill asked, "What do you mean?"

The man said he was in the bottom of the black hole.

"Where's Tommey?"

The man answered, "The enemy got him."

It had been a year since the crash, and everyone assumed Tommey had been killed. They were teaching Bill all the stuff he needed to learn so he could get back to Earth and his family. He had been in training with swords and magic for one half of the year, and the other half was spent with tools and language. He knew just about everything he needed, but he would not live if he could not think like a warrior.

By the beginning of summer, Bill was leaving the cave, going for food and things they needed. He had won a couple of battles. Then the day came when he had to leave to look for Tommey. They had gotten word from a guard that Tommey was alive. The only way to save him was for Bill to take an extra weapon for Tommey and fight.

As Bill was leaving, his trainer spoke,"The journey will be very, very hard, but you can do it. We can not go with you, but we do have friends. This necklace will let them know who you are. It will help you. It will tell you if you are in danger. Now you must go."

end part one

What to do about Abuse
Cassie Engler

There are many different kinds of abuse. For example, there are two that I know of; they are sexual abuse and child abuse.

Sexual abuse is when a friend of your parents or your friends' parents or a teacher is touching you in a wrong way and wrong place. When your parents are doing this to you, it is called incest. Sexual abuse is also when someone rapes someone else. Mostly men are charged with rapes. Very seldom are women charged with it. Remember, it isn't your fault; these people are very ill.

Child abuse is when you parents, a friend of your parents, your friends' parents, a teacher, or someone is hitting you with their hand(s) or another object. Sometimes people do this because of two reasons: 1) they are drunk, or 2) they are angry. But, that still isn't an excuse to hit anyone.

What these people are doing is not right. Here, in the Quad-City area, there is a phone number to call; that number is 326-8698. Call this number if these things are happening to you.

It's Not Fair For the Children

Little babies are killed in wars simply because we can't agree.
It's not fair.
Innocent babies are murdered in the womb simply because someone decided they weren't human.
It's not fair.
A black child is refused friendship with a white child simply because of the color of his skin.
It's not fair.
Children are forced to choose between their parents simply because they can't settle their differences.
It's not fair.
Children are beaten and abused simply because their parents want to.
It's not fair.
A child is killed trying to cross the street simply because someone thought drinking and driving was cool.

Julia M. Hatton

Cats are...

Cats
are very
sophisticated,
always respectful,
not very easily hated,
and never get in trouble?!

Katie Jones

the freedoms of summer

summer, summer, I can't wait,
I'm always staying up very late.
doing the things I love to do,
chewing the things I love to chew.
no homework, yippee yay!
no worrying about what to say.
doing things my way!
going swimming at the pool,
always acting like a fool.
playing out in the sun,
Doesn't that all sound like fun?
and, vacations, here I come!
always doing this and that,
spending some time with my cat.
hearing the crack of the bat.

melanie watson

PATRICK'S HALO
by
Kelly Luett

Once there was a kingdom way up in the sky, where elves lived. In order to have a happy life they had to earn their halo, and in order to get their halo you had to help a human.

One day, there was an elf named Patrick. He was so depressed. All his friends had their halos and he didn't. Patrick had no idea who to help. Patrick looked down from the sky and saw a girl. She was twelve years old and her name was Lindsey. Lindsey had bright red hair and green eyes. Lindsey's parents had just gotten a divorce. Then her dad disappeared. Her sixteen year old brother, Justin, got into a car accident and was killed. A week ago she found out that she was dying of cancer. Patrick decided that he was going to help her.

Patrick flew to her house, onto the window, and into Lindsey's room. Lindsey was crying on her bed. She never thought this would happen to her. When she lifted her head she saw Patrick staring at her. She started to scream!

Patrick said, "Don't scream, I'm here to help you!" Lindsey stopped screaming and asked, "Who are you?"

Patrick replied, "My name is Patrick. I come from a kingdom way up in the sky." After a while Lindsey and Patrick were friends.

A month went by and Lindsey was getting worse. All Patrick could do was help her in school. Patrick knew he had to do something fast before anything happened to Lindsey.

A week later, Lindsey was so sick that she was in the hospital. Patrick knew she had to do something so he began to pray. The next day, as Lindsey was going into surgery, the doctors looked up at the screen to see where the cancerous place was; there was no cancer anywhere! Her mom and the doctors were shouting for joy.

Lindsey was ready to leave when there was a knock on the door. The door opened and it was her dad. Lindsey ran up to him and gave him a BIG hug.

Lindsey went home the next day. Her mom and dad talked it over and they decided to get back together. There was still the loss of her brother, but everything else was great. It was time for Patrick to say good-bye! He flew up to the kingdom and he got his halo. All of his friends were happy, including him!!!

Bass Master
by
Mark Mumm

This story is about a shark. His name is Bass Master. This Bass Master is the most feared shark in the sea, a great white shark. Instead of fishing for fish, he fishes for humans.

The Bass Master catches humans by casting a sticky ball with a wallet connected. The wallet had five hundred dollars of fake money in it. When a human comes to pick up the wallet, his hand gets stuck to the sticky ball. Then the Bass Master reels in his victim. The person dies as soon as they are underwater so long.

When the Bass Master gets his victim, he puts the human between his mighty jaws and bites. He swirls around in the water to pull more meat off, then begins to form a stain on the surface of the water. The Bass Master must leave the scene or else get caught by other fishermen on boats.

One time the Bass Master was enjoying his human so much that he lost track of time and saw that there were fishing boats around him. The boats had dropped a cargo net so the Bass Master couldn't get out. All the boats started shooting and throwing what ever they had at the Bass Master.

A harpoon had hit his left fin, so he couldn't swim fast. And that gave him the idea to go smash a hole in the side of the ship with the harpoon.

Well, the Bass Master did and one of the ships was sinking fast. Well, their net was down and he could escape.

But one of the fishermen had thrown a big elephant seal carcass into the water and that human wasn't enough to fill him.

So he said, "Heck with it." Then he went for the seal.

The Bass Master was finally caught in 1928. He was the biggest shark ever to be caught. He weighed almost three tons and was approximately twenty-nine feet long.

The reason the Bass Master went for the seal is because he had a son.

And recently there's been a lot of shark killings. . .

SKULL MOUNTAIN
by
Luke Lingle

One day, a couple of years ago, three friends were walking through a cemetery. There was Jake, an athlete, Tony, a school newspaper editor, and Ramon, a smart kid who is easily frightened. As they came to the center of the cemetery, they saw a rather large hill. They decided to rest on the top of the hill. When they reach the top, they saw a door in the ground. Jake and Tony wanted to see what was on the other side of the door, but Ramon did not so he waited at the top.

Luckily, Tiny had a pen-sized flashlight so Jake and he could see. It was damp with roots and cobwebs everywhere down there. Finally, they reach a door that read, "Open If You Dare, Fore Evil Lurks Inside." Then the two boys yelled Ramon's name so he could come down there. When Ramon started to run, part of the hill opened and he fell in.

Since Ramon had not come, Jake and Tony figured he had gone home. They were about to leave, when they heard an eerie noise coming from the door. They wanted to find out what was making that eerie noise, so they opened the door. The eerie noise stopped and all was silent expect for the breathing of the boys. Out of nowhere ghosts and spirits started flying out of the door up to the hill-top door and up into the sky. Then it started to thunder and lightning. A lightning bolt struck a tree which flew apart; as soon as all the pieces of the tree hit the ground, the hill shot up into the air growing taller and taller until it looked like an enormous skull shaped mountain. The boys started to run when the way they came grumbled apart. They were forced to go through the door into a large room.

In the center of the room was an altar with a large skull on it. They went over to the altar and picked up the skull. Suddenly the skull's eye sockets started to glow bright red and then a skeleton body was formed under it. The skeleton started to stretch and yawn which shook the room. Then the room turned into a torture dungeon with skeletons everywhere on the ground. At the far side of the room the wall collapsed, revealing a cliff with bones at the bottom. Then the skeleton started to chase them around the room until they were at the cliff's edge.

Then the skeleton stopped about twenty feet away and said, "I used to be like you, but now I rule the darkside and so can you."

"Never!" yelled Tony.

"So be it," said the skeleton.

Then he charged at them to knock them off the cliff's edge. Just then Ramon came flying out of the hole in the wall. This knocks down the skeleton and makes the skull come off. Jake and Tony push the skeleton off the cliff and Ramon puts the skull back on the altar. This causes the room and the way they came in to go back to the way it used to be. The thunder and lightning also stopped. When the boys reached the top of the skull mountain, it shrunk back into the large hill.

Jake and Tony asked Ramon how he knew to put the skull back on the altar. Ramon answered with a deep echoing voice, "I am not Ramon, but the skull. I've tricked you into killing your friend and bringing my soul into the world to rule once again."

HUMANITY

In today's society we have
countries with missiles
pointed at each other.
We have countries with
enough nuclear power
to blow up the entire
world by the touch of a
finger.
We have children killing
other children because
they only see violence.
We have children starving
and dying because they
live with infestation.
We have crime in our cities
to the point where no
one feels safe.
We have pollution all
around us because
we can't take care of
our world.
We have families killing
families and brothers
killing brothers because
they are scared.
We are on the verge of
nuclear war.

Does this sound like insanity
to you, because it's not.
This is HUMANITY!

M. L. Preston

Paul

Midnight stars are shining
on a lonely, silent grave.
Beneath it lies the one I
loved, but whom I could not save.
The one who thought the most of you
still thinks of you today.
And though you seem so far away,
you're in our hearts to stay.
I think of Paul in silence,
and often repeat his name.
But all I have to treasure
is Paul's picture in a frame.
It broke my heart to lose Paul;
he didn't go alone.
For part of me went with Paul
the day God called him home.
To your grave I wander,
the flowers I place with care.
no one knows the heartache
as I turn to leave you there.
God took you to his garden;
he knew you needed rest.
His garden must be beautiful, Paul,
because he took the best.
Michelle Kelsey

Life

The sound of the trumpet,
the whistle of the wind,
That's the way my life has been.
The crying of the baby,
the revving of the cars,
another drunk at another bar.
The ringing of the gun shot,
the scrambling of men,
My brother's dead,
he was only ten.
The clapping of thunder,
The crashing of waves,
The police found more dead bodies in
some old caves.
Suddenly a scream, about a
block down the road,
and you run, run away,
away from the pain and sorrow
of another day.
Michelle Kelsey

DEVASTATION
by
Melissa Chan
April 21-28, 1995

Sick! Twisted! Messed up! Psycho! Disturbed! Plus a few other words I can't mention. This is how tons of other people are describing the idiots who bombed Oklahoma City.

These heartless criminals killed 50 people (so far reported) including about fifteen children. How insensitive can you get? Right now, people are jumping to conclusions. They think that certain ethnic groups are to blame. They just don't want to face the facts. They don't want to believe that it could be someone else in their own country, like their neighbor.

It's rather idiotic and naive the way some people think. The question is, why? Why Oklahoma? It's not that populated. Why children? Why the United States? Who is that messed up? Could it happen here?

The bombing blew a big hole in the hearts of America. It was a realization that terrorists could strike us anywhere, anytime, anyplace. Now, everyone is scared with that "fear." Yet, they have to move on, and not live in total paranoia for the rest of their lives. It's really scary, sad, and disgusting to look at the bombing in Oklahoma. We aren't as safe as we thought we were.

May 8, 1995

The F.B.I. have a suspect in the Oklahoma City bombing. They are on a nation-wide manhunt for another suspect, "John Doe #2". Hopefully, all the losers involved will be caught and sentenced fairly. The news media has, of course, jumped all over this event. A couple months or weeks from now, the news will move on to another story. But I think the plot line will remain in our hearts.

My Feelings

My feelings are killed like a bear
My friends don't seem to care
They lock me in a closet with a key
Only let me out when they need me
I hint to them I'm hurt
Their only curt
My feelings are tossed like a bag of chips
across the room
Sometimes swept up in a room
My friends tell me things
I feel like screaming
For they tell me things and leave it at that
I can't tell anyone but my cat
My feelings are killed like a bear
My friends don't care

Shawna Wiese

The Dream

When the serve came over the net
all I felt was the beating of my heart
while the crowd waited silently.
Alyssa bumped the ball to the setter;
I set the ball right to Nicole
--and then she spiked it.
But, as the spike went to the other team, they blocked it.
It fell in their court -- and we scored the winning point.
We had won the whole match; everyone came and hugged us,
because we were undefeated
for the whole season!
The lesson we learned was
"Don't quit in the middle of the game;
keep playing 'til the end."

Joy Rasche

Katie Klocksiem

I made my way down the line of people I had over the years known as my second family, embracing and bidding farewells to each and everyone of them. When I got to the end, I looked into the teary eyes of the person who was like a sister to me. I could hold back the tears no more, the time I was dreading had come. "I promise I'll write," Katie said while I was hugging her, knowing if I let go, she would be taken away from me. We had to part sooner or later, but later came too soon. As they drove away, I managed to wave, and when they turned the corner, I ran to my room and did the only thing I knew of that would bring her back---Remember. Remember our first hello and our first good-bye. Remember the things we did together. Remember the hardships we'd gotten through. But most of all, remember the kind of person she was.

Don't ask me how, but from the first day I met Katie, I knew she was a tomboy. She proved me right on that one, with her love for challenging stunts, snakes, getting dirty, and sports. Through the years, she kept some of those qualities, but she gained many more. Growing up with three sisters made her tough, she had to be since she hardly ever got along (and always got into fights), with the second youngest, Melissa. She was a great teacher of toughness, I have to admit, and wanted you to be her equal. She stuck by you no matter what you had done, and always kept an openmind, never laughing at a dream or goal you have, and helping in what ways she could to fulfill it. She stayed with what she believed in, not falling victim to peer-pressure. And I believe people admired her for that.

In the later years, when popularity became an issue, she was a friend to everyone who wanted to be her friend, popular or not. One of the things I admire her most for is always being proud of what her parents did, how they looked, and how they acted.

From our Punky Brewster shoes to our Nikes to our Orthopedic clod-hoppers, we'll always be best friends, no matter what.

Kathy Roling

Opinion Essay: Capital Punishment
by
Kathy Roling

The issue I would like to address is capital punishment. Lately it has been in the media about whether Iowa should enforce the death penalty. A lot of people feel that if we don't show criminals that there's a punishment for their crime, they will continue to plaque our streets and take over our community. Those people believe that the possibility of death discourages crime. At least more than the threat of sitting in a prison does.

People who oppose the death penalty bring up the point that only God should be able to take a life. But, I, as well as many others, feel that people who take someone else's life deserve to loose their own. The opposers find the death penalty cruel, but what I find cruel is what some 'sickos', like Jeffrey Dahmer, today have done to their victims; and look what he got for it: a nice stay in a mental hospital. Criminals should not be able to hide behind the insanity plea. They have to face the music, and own up to what's in their future.

If you ask me whether or not Iowa should enforce the death penalty, all I can say is "we need to greatly raise Iowa's electric bill."

Kathy Roling

'Til Death Do Us Part

They live in fear of another beating,
The abuse is unpredictable, triggered by anything or nothing,
It's followed by countless bruises and hospital visits,
The women try to figure out the cause, "Have I done something?"

The stronger ones run to shelters,
But only can stay there for a few days,
Many realize they cannot support themselves,
And go back to their husbands' ways.

They believe their husbands will change,
But when that hope fails,
They begin to feel out of control of the situation,
And their lives quickly unveils.

The law has found a very safe shelter for battered women,
Too bad it's behind bars,
For they don't remember pulling the trigger,
All they can do is look upward for forgiveness from the stars.

Other people say they are violent,
But they didn't want revenge, they just wanted out,
"I was driven to extremes,"
They've been on a one way trip along life's wrong route.

IF YOU ARE BEATEN, IF YOU ARE SCARED,
IF YOU ARE HURT, IF YOU NEED HELP,
G-E-T O-U-T!

Kathy Roling

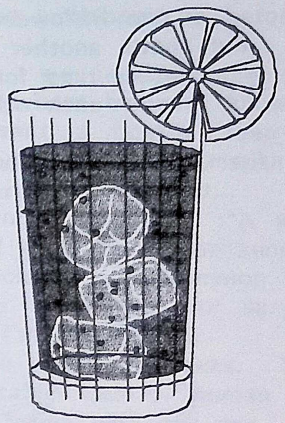
Coca-Cola, A Refreshing Drink

Coca-Cola came to life,
In a hardware store one night.
A man had a plan to make a drink,
to cure a headache in a wink.

The year was 1892,
and he had created something new.
People came from near and far,
to try this drink, rated four star.

It started with the drug cocaine,
and then turned into world fame.
They removed the drug so we could say,
it's an ice cold drink we love today!

Kelly Oster



The Cat

I am the cat that prowls the night,
A mighty tiger burning bright.
I am the cat that prowls the night.

I may be hunting for mice.
I am not who you think
I am. You might think twice.

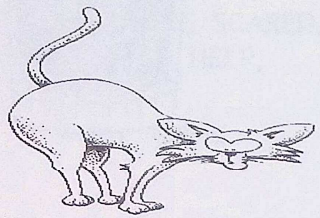
Maybe I am the tiger cat!
But watch out, I may come hunting
for you...If I'm not in
the mood for a rat.

I am the cat that prowls the night,
a mighty tiger burning bright.
I am the cat that prowls the night.

I love the cold air which
swirls around me from the night.
It reminds me greatly of
one Halloween night.
But that's another story to tell,
another time for when we
know each other well.

I am the cat that prowls the night
...tiger, tiger burning bright...

Katie Yost



Three Faces of Life and Death

Life is good, I don't want death
So I'll do healthy things, and save my breath
Death is scary, it's not my friend
I'll wall it off, until the end

Life is pain, I don't want more
But there's escape, I found a door
I'll cure my pain, take it away
Death is my cure, the only way

Life is a circle, a path, a way
Gone tomorrow, here today
So live your life, and don't wall a pod
Death is but rebirth, to live with God

Jesse Sheedy

A Resolution

My topic that I have chosen to terribly muddle up is a resolution for all discrimination in the world. That's right. racism, sexism, gayism, or whatever can all be effectively removed by the solution I whipped up before breakfast this morning.

My solution is this: we need an alien invasion, just a small one that we could beat back. I know you're thinking, 'Why would anyone want a hostile alien invasion?', and 'What the heck does it have to do with discrimination?' Well, it's simple.

There's an old saying that goes: "A wolf at the door makes brothers out of enemies" -- or something like that. Anyway, that's my resolution. A common enemy will bring almost anyone together by a need for survival. It sounds good, doesn't it? No, I'm not kidding.

Of course, there are some drawbacks. The most serious of these is the inevitable loss of human life and all the other bad effects that come with any war. Maybe this isn't such a good idea after all. It's the thought that counts.

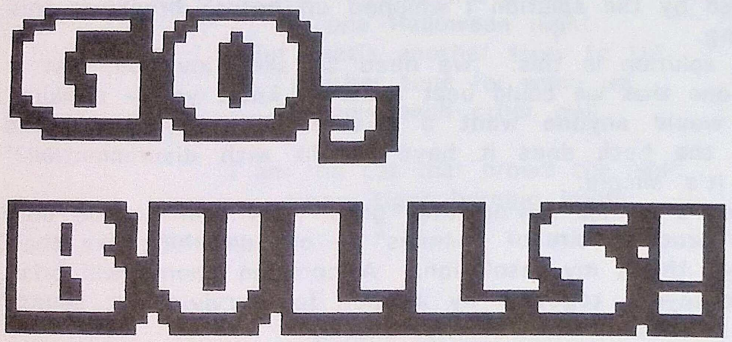
Jesse Sheedy

Opinion Essay: Michael Jordan

Michael Jordan has been a big topic on the sports pages these days after his retirement. When he first started for the BULLS after his retirement he was cold and made only seven points in his first game. Now he is getting fifty-five, twenty-seven, and in the forties a lot.

I think Michael Jordan is the greatest player ever to play the game of basketball. A lot of his teammates are happy that he is back because they weren't doing so well. Scottie Pippen was going to leave the BULLS; when Michael came back, he decided to stay. Scottie Pippen and Michael Jordan are the BULLS leading scorers and also some people consider them the heart of the team.

Jeremy Polzin



Opinion Essay: Teenage Pregnancy

Teenage pregnancy is a very selfish thing. Most girls end up hurting the child and not themselves. This is not always the case; sometimes it is not a selfish act if they take the responsibility that is called for by their actions.

Some girls think, by getting pregnant, they're only wrecking their life, but they are also hurting many others --- like their child and their family. Teenage pregnancy isn't always bad --- good things do come out of it: the child is a good thing (!). If the girl puts the child up for adoption, a couple who wants children will create a whole new happy family. Adoption would also have a good effect on the mother, knowing that the child she gave birth to is being loved and cared for.

If she decides to keep her child, then she better prepare herself for all the responsibilities that are taken are with parenting.

Many times the father doesn't stick around, so you have to face those facts also.

Statistics show that abortion and parenting are done more often than adoption. I find that hard to believe, since these young mothers say they love their child. There are too many couples out there in the world, who are unable to have a child, and who would love to adopt. Why not let your child live the life it deserves; either parent or give it up for adoption. Take responsibility for your actions or don't have sex until you can handle the consequences.

Alyssa Laake

Opinion Essay: Illiteracy

Imagine yourself not being able to read or write. Think about looking at a piece of paper and not seeing words, but only scrambled up letters.

This is what it is like for 20% - 27% of adult Americans. These people don't know how to read. These people suffer from a disability called illiteracy. The percentages are too large for a country as developed as the United States. Fortunately, there are programs for people to learn to read. Although these programs do not cost these people one dime, some still think it is too embarrassing for them to go for help. To me, that's like saying they would rather not be able to drive, write a check, read a menu, and even not be able to know what restroom to use. Some people would rather suffer from their disability than ask for help.

Dyslexia is sometimes linked to being illiterate, but sometimes alliteracy; alliteracy means you don't have the desire to read. According to Aja Henderson, sixteen, speaking through Teen magazine, "People who have an alliteracy problem just need to get excited about books, with beautiful illustrations, and fun and interesting books." Aja has set up a library in her own home to help illiterate children and adults learn to read and enjoy reading. Aja has won many awards for her accomplishments.

Sixty percent of illiterate adults are women. The jobs with the most illiterate workers are auto-making companies. Even though some jobs don't require reading, the employer wants the employee to communicate with the customers in proper grammar. Reading is also a good way to keep kids out of trouble, by keeping their noses in books.

The bottom line is if you're illiterate you probably won't get very far in life. If you have trouble learning to read you must take advantage of the reading programs set up for illiterate people. One reason they don't get help is because they are too embarrassed, they are afraid everyone will think they're dumb or stupid. But, in my opinion, the only stupid thing about being illiterate is not getting the help when you need it the most.

Heather H. Green

How Zebras Got Stripes
by
Greg Van Den Berghe

Once upon a time there was a man who had a wife. When he was a young boy, he had helped his father raise a herd of shiny black horses. But, when Iris (the boy's name) was walking with his father, along the side of the pen that the horses were in, one of the horses jumped over the fence. Iris was short, so the horse's feet didn't hit him, but they did hit his father instead. The blow had instantly killed Iris's father. Ever since that horrible day, Iris just hated any black horse. One night he went out to the pen and let every horse run free, because he never wanted to see them again. The horses had colts and more colts and produced a large herd over the years. Soon Africa had a huge herd of wild horses.

Now Iris had grown up and had never seen the horses since he let them go. He had gotten married to a lady named Jane. They both decided to make their home in the middle of Africa. They had five daughters and a son. Iris and Jane built their house out of dried weeds and branches. After their last daughter was born in the valley, the valley all the horses lived in, that valley flooded; so all of the horses had to move to higher ground. Iris had build his house on the ground the zebras had moved to. Because Iris's house was made out of the stuff horses eat, the horses naturally started to eat his house while he was gone hunting for berries. Iris went home to eat his berries with his family after working hard to collect them. When he got home he found a pile of junk that the horses wouldn't eat. This made Iris's family so mad that they all wanted to move, but Iris would not! So they sat and thought about what to do. Jane all of a sudden blurted out, "Let's build a fence around our new house." Then they all went to collect dried grass and wood. They couldn't find wood that was perfectly straight, so they just nailed a bunch of boards to some posts that would keep the horses out.

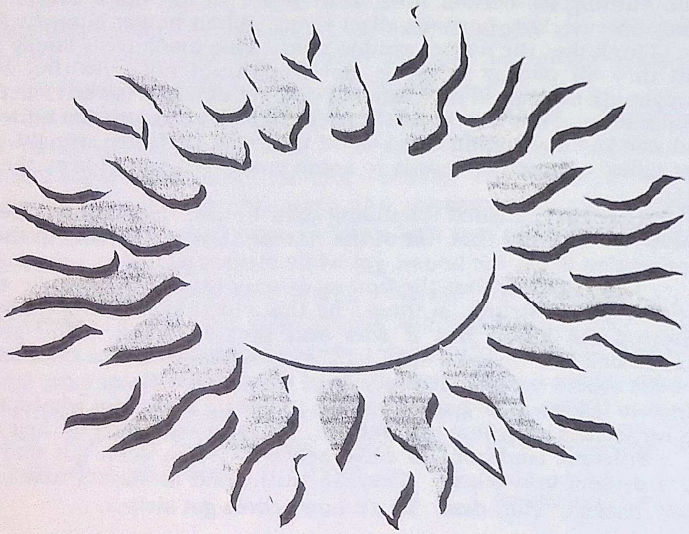
After they finished rebuilding their house, they painted their fence white. As they did that, all of the horses that stood next to the fence, that wanted to eat the house, got white stripes painted on them.

Then Iris saw that the horses weren't black anymore; he saw that they had white stripes on them. he thought that it was because of him painting his fence, but it was and partly wasn't. The great god Goldensack had casted a spell on the horses so they would all be striped like the others because he really liked the stripes. So one day he came to Africa to tell Iris what had happened. After he told them what happened, he turned Iris and Jane into zebras. Then he sent each of their children to a different continent to raise zebras. When each got married, he turned them into zebras. They, in turn, tried to start a new herd, but they couldn't. They died. That's how zebras got stripes.

Dawn

Darkness grips the world in an iron fist.
Even the brightest stars can't loosen the hold that
the black fingers of night have on the world and me.
I am alone, imprisoned within the shadows I cast.
No one hears my cries or my tears, and no one cares.
I am like a bird without wings.
Despondent, I sit and wait without hope.
And then you come.
You rise over the horizon, your smile so bright and
so warm, the darkness has no chance.
It melts like ice in your warmth.
Your rays touch my face and I throw off my shadows
and grow back my wings.
Then, like a bird reborn, I fly away and soar in the clouds.

Melissa Loussaert



The girl in the mirror

When i look in the mirror,
I look for my flaws.
No matter how small,
I am sure they will notice..
but, today,
i look in the mirror,
and i see a new girl.
she looks lost, forlorn, and sad,
out of place in this perfect world.
but then i realize...
this girl is me!!!
throughout my life,
i have been ridiculed.
but now, i have friends,
friends who care for me.
I look again into the mirror,
but again she has changes.
not her hair, not her features,
but her eyes.
they have darkened,
not in color, but in brightness.
as i turn from the mirror,
i take one last peek,
and i realize,
that the girl is me. and she always has been.

melissa loussaert

SUMMER

HOT SUNNY

HIKING RUNNING SWIMMING

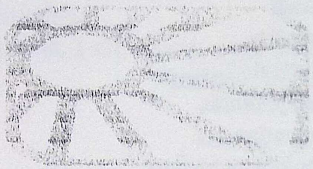
EXERCISE FUN LAZINESS EXHAUSTING

SLEDDING SKATING SKIING

WHITE COLD

WINTER

By Teresa Trout



A Carpet Stream

A stream flows under my feet,
The water and my feet could soon meet,
As I sit my seat.

Is there fish in there,
If so where,
Should I really even care?

So many decisions,
As I sit bored,
On my living room chair,
Staring at the floor.

by Beth Allen

Basketball

Fun, Active
Shooting, Winning, Passing,
Running, Court, Injuries, Airballs
Tripping, Fouling, Losing
Tiring, Hard
Basketball

Ryan Arnold

Moving

by
Judy Blocker

The saddest day of my life was when I was two and my brother was four. My mom walked into our blue flowery kitchen and said that we were moving far away.

Now I was only two so I didn't understand, but when my brother started to cry, then I did. We packed all our bags and off we were without my dad! The next thing I knew we were in a little house in Iowa.

The years went by and I began to understand that Mom and Dad fought, and someone had to move. Well, one day my mom got a phone call from my dad saying he wanted to meet with us. We ended up going to the mall to meet with him. We didn't recognize him until mom showed him to us. They got along so well that my brother and I thought they would get back together.

When it was time for my dad to go back to California, my brother and I packed our bags. My mom started to laugh. They told us they were just friends, and they didn't fight on this visit because they both loved us - not each other.

The Ghost of 1633 25th Avenue

by
Sarah Carlin

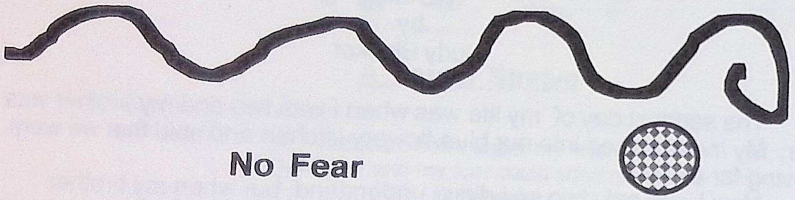
In 1973, in Moline, Illinois, the house of 1633 25th Avenue burned down of unknown causes. Some say it was a prank, some say it was an accident, but the Davis family knows the truth. It was a ghost.

In 1968, members of the Davis family first saw the ghost. They say it looked like a white silhouette of a young lady. It would often just seem to watch over them and protect them. It never harmed anyone. It only came at night and was seen many times by three of the children.

One saw her at the foot of her bed and another night she was looking into her sister's bedroom. Her sister also saw the ghost looking into her bedroom. Their brother saw it another night float up the stairs and turn off the upstairs lights. All the other children remember the lights inexplicitly going off, so they believed him.

These events were spread out in the course of two years. In 1970 the Davis family moved out, never seeing or hearing of the ghost again. When the house burned down in 1973, they knew it must've been the Ghost of 1633 25th Avenue.

Note: The house really did burn down in the early 1970's. I also have proof of the ghost sightings from members of the Davis family.



No Fear

Go, Go, Go . . . . . .
Down by one run,
Come on, Come on . . . . . .
You're up to bat,
Rah, Rah, Rah . . . . . .
The pitch . . . . . .
You can do it,
CRACK!
Going, Going, Going . . . . . .
YEAH!

Laura Dierickx

Susan B. Anthony

by
Lindsey Gainey

Who is the woman whose face appears on the silver dollar?

Why was she chosen to have the honor of being the first woman to have her face on a coin? Her name is Susan Brownell Anthony, a heroic woman from the nineteenth century.

Susan B. Anthony was born on February 15, 1820, into a large Quaker family. Little did her family know that she would be a key to success in women's right to vote.

This strong-willed woman believed strongly in equality for all people. She supported the anti-slavery and temperance movement which wanted to make alcohol illegal. The one issue she is most famous for supporting is women's rights', the right to vote, the right to own property, the right for equal education, and equality between all men and women.

In the battle for women's rights accomplishments, she formed The Women's State Temperance Society of New York. Also, in 1869, she and Elizabeth Stanton formed The National Women's Suffrage Association. She worked hard to make an amendment to the Constitution for women to vote. She wrote many books, made public speeches, and dedicated her life to what she believed in.

Susan B. Anthony never gave up despite the difficulties. One time she was arrested for casting a vote and fined one hundred dollars. Of course, she never paid the fine. She was ridiculed and one day they even took a dummy, put her name on it, and burned it to show their disapproval.

If it wasn't for Susan B. Anthony, my life would be very different. Women would be treated with less respect. We wouldn't be able to have jobs, vote, be educated, and be treated as equals. I admire that she stuck up for herself and what she believed in.

Susan B. Anthony died on March 13, 1906, fourteen years before her dream would come true. Finally the 19th Amendment to the Constitution came about, and women could legally vote. In her final speech of her life she exclaimed, "The fight must not cease; you must see that it does not stop. Failure is impossible."

ROSA PARKS

by

J.B. Graham

Do you know who the mother of the civil rights movement is, or who started the 381 day Montgomery bus boycott? Rosa Louise McCauley Parks, was born in Tuskegee, Alabama, Feb. 4th, 1913. The 381 day bus boycott led to a 1956 Supreme Court order outlawing discriminatory practices on Montgomery buses.

In December 1955, returning home from her assistant tailor job in Montgomery, Rosa refused a bus driver's order to give up her seat to a white man. She was jailed and fined $14.00. Although she later said that she was too tired to move that day, her action was part of a plan to create a court test case. As secretary of the Montgomery chapter of the NAACP, she also worked closely with the black community's Montgomery Improvement Association, whose president was Rev.Martin Luther King, Jr. The preceding summer, she had attended workshops on civil disobedience at the Monteagle, Tenn., Highlander Folk School. Parks and others had considered expanding an earlier bus boycott to defy the discriminatory law.

Rosa's mother, a rural school teacher, separated from Rosa's father in 1915, and raised her daughter alone. When her mother fell ill, Rosa dropped out of high school to provide care. In 1932, she married Raymond Parks, a black barber and civil-rights activist. After the successful Montgomery bus boycott, Parks was denied employment and moved to Detroit in 1957, where she worked as a seamstress and assisted the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. From 1965 to her retirement in 1988, she served as staff assistant to U.S.Rep. John Conyers.

Rosa Parks was beaten and robbed early September, 1994. The suspect was described by police as black, about 30, with a pencil-thin mustache. The assailant reportedly beat Rosa in the face and in the chest even though she screamed and begged him not to hit her. He then disappeared into the night with about $50.00 in cash and more trouble than he knew. Moving swiftly, and angrily they shared with the entire community, police arrested a suspect only 20 hours later! Rosa was released from the hospital the next morning.

I believe that Rosa Parks should be recognized because of what she did for our nation and my family. I have a black uncle and 3 black cousins and they would be treated different than all of white adults and the white kids in our family if she had not done what she did. They would have to use different rest-rooms, different silverware, plates, glasses and everything like that. So I think Rosa Parks did a big thing in my family!

" A True Worker"

by

Casey Haas

When I was little, I always wondered who Annie Wittenmeyer was, probably because I went to her old cottage for preschool. I had heard her name and people had spoken highly of her, but I never knew why. Annie Turner Wittenmeyer helped hundreds of Iowa's soldiers during the Civil War. She also aided thousands of war victims all over the United States.

In 1863, The Soldiers Orphans Home in Davenport, Iowa, the first of its kind, was established through Annie's influence. A while later it was turned into a preschool and a library. It was also added onto a little bit. That was where I went to preschool. I remember it really well because we always had a ton of visitors coming to observe the building and its things.

Annie Turner was born in Sandy Springs, Ohio on August 26, 1827. She received a good education and was married to William Wittenmeyer at the age 20. He was a merchant and was very wealthy. William was 20 years older than Annie, but it didn't matter to either of them. The two moved to Keokuk, Iowa, in 1850. They built a new house and settled in for the time being. After it was built, Annie set up, in her home, a private preschool for poor children. A Sunday school was also built. Many people of all ages went to Annie's Sunday school.

Three of the four of Annie's children died at infancy, but this didn't stop her from doing her work. Her only son was named Charles A. He was too young for military service when the Civil War came about. Three of Annie's brothers fought in the Civil War. They got separated and worked in different places.

Soon the woman of Keokuk realized that hurt men of the war needed aid, and the Soldiers Aid Society came into existence. Annie was the executive secretary of the Keokuk Society. She once wrote a letter that was published in The Gate City Newspaper. It read, "Lint and bandages were not needed for the sick soldiers in the hospital, but ticks in which to put straw for beds, and pillows were needed for their heads instead of knapsacks, cotton sheets and garments instead of army clothes, and dried fruits and delicacies to take the place of army rations." Over $150,000, in cash and supplies passed through her hands. She made sure it all was put to good use.

Annie Wittenmeyer died in Saratoga,Pennsylvania, on February 2, 1899. She is a special person to me because she helped save many soldier's lives, and she devoted her life to her work which she loved.

"The Game of Life"

At the final buzzer of your life,
Have you made your final shot?
Fulfilled you final dreams,
as the clock ticks away?
And what if you make it?
What if you don't?

Kellie Krukow

"Fall"

When the wind picks up speed,
it's that time of year.
When the air grows cold,
fall is near.
When a collage of dry golden leaves lay on the ground,
fall is coming. Fall is bound.
Watch trees' leaves grow from thick to thin.
Watch them blow away again.
All but bare branches are left to see.
That is what fall seems to be.

Kellie Krukow

Suicide

by

Katie Marie McCann

My best friend was born on a frigid, cold night in the middle of February in 1978. Her parents named her Katie. She had an older sister and two older step-brothers. Her parents got divorced when she was only two years old. She never got to see much more of her dad after that. He lived in Mississippi, and she lived in Iowa. She loved him and missed him very much.

When she was six, her mom got remarried. His name is Brad. He is really nice to her. He loves her very much, and she loves him, too.

It was June 1, 1988. I was walking home with Katie. We did everything together. We're practically sisters. We were in my room, reading my Seventeen magazine. She came to an article about suicide. This guy had shot himself in the head, and his girlfriend, too.

Then Katie's mom called and said she had to come home for supper. So I told her I would see her at school the next day. She said that she would call me later on that night.

I went back to reading that article. I had never heard anything about suicides in my life. I was only ten years old. The article said that the girlfriend's parents wouldn't let her see the guy she really liked. So she had to sneak out at night to be with him.

My mom called me down to eat supper. I asked her what we were having. She told me chicken. It took me about thirty minutes to eat. The chicken was pretty good.

After supper, I called Katie. We talked for about an hour on the phone. We talked about cute guys at our school and how some of the teachers were nice to us. Then she brought the subject up about the suicide article.

She asked me what I thought about it. I told her that it was kind of weird that someone would kill them self and their girlfriend. She said that it was

stupid and whoever killed themselves over anything would be stupid.

Katie had to get off the phone because her older brother Joe had to use the phone. I said that Brian, my step-brother, had to use the phone. So, we told each other good-bye, and hung up.

That night I had a real bad dream. It was about how when Katie turned seventeen, she would commit suicide. When I woke up that morning I was really shaky.

When I got to school the next day, I saw Katie, and told her about my dream. She just told me that it would never happen and just get on with my life. I thought about what she told me. I knew it wasn't going to happen to her.

Seven years later . . .

I was up in my room. Katie was grounded for seeing her boyfriend Jayson the night before. Her parents hated him. He was really nice and sweet. Her parents thought he was wrong for her because he was an alcoholic.

Two months later, Jayson and Katie went to the top of a hill over looking the Mississippi River. It was so beautiful. She loved it. Jayson and Katie both knew that they couldn't keep sneaking out. He pulled out a gun, and said, "If we are both dead, we'll be together in Heaven. Then we won't have to sneak out anymore. Okay?" She thought and thought. He was right. They would always be together in Heaven. She told him okay.

I read the front page of the Quad City Times. I couldn't believe my eyes. It said, "Two youths commit suicide at the age of only seventeen." I cried and cried and cried. I couldn't understand how my best friend, would commit suicide. She was too smart. I didn't want to believe it.

For the next couple of months I went to a counselor. She helped me deal with the death of Katie and Jayson. I reread the article about suicide. I couldn't believe Katie would do it. She was smart.

I am almost twenty years old now. I still think of Katie and Jayson. They should have grown up and gotten married. To this day, I still can't figure out why Jayson and Katie would commit suicide.

Susan B. Anthony

Katie McCann

Susan Brownell Anthony led the struggle to gain the right to vote for women. She devoted fifty years of her life to overcome the nation's resistance to women's suffrage. Unfortunately, she died before the 19th Amendment was adopted.

Susan B. Anthony was born on February 15, 1820, in Adams, Massachusetts. She was encouraged by her father, who was a one time school teacher, to begin teaching school. When she was fifteen years old, she became a school teacher until she was thirty years old.

From 1848-1853, she took part in the temperance movement. For six years, she worked for the American Anti-Slavery Society. She organized the meetings and frequently gave lectures. Susan was one of the few people to urge full participation of blacks in the women's suffrage movement.

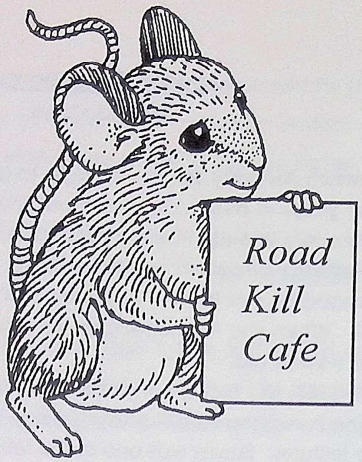
Her work for women's rights began in 1851, when she met Elizabeth Cady Stanton. For six years, the two women concentrated on reforming New York State laws discriminating against women. Susan would often deliver speeches written by Elizabeth.

When the 14th Amendment to the Constitution granted the vote to all "male inhabitants", she fought unsuccessfully to have women included. In 1872, she registered and voted in Rochester in order to test the legality of the amendment. She was arrested, tried, and fined for violating the law, but she refused to pay on the grounds that the law was wrong.

At the edge of eighty, she resigned as president of the National American Women Suffrage Association. Six years later, she died in Rochester, New York, on March 13, 1906, at the age of eighty-six.

Susan B. Anthony is important to me for many reasons. She campaigned for women's rights in the United States during the second half of the 19th century. Anthony petitioned for an amendment to the federal Constitution that would guarantee women the right to vote. Although she died in 1906, fourteen years before the women were finally granted suffrage, the 19th Amendment to the Constitution became known as the "Anthony Amendment" in honor of her hard work. Anthony's efforts were further commemorated on July 2, 1979, when the US Mint created the Susan B. Anthony one-dollar coin.

I think Susan B. Anthony should stay in the history books forever. She helped grant women the right to vote. With the help of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, she did many things for women. We should be proud of her.



Review of Road Kill Cafe
"Where you kill it and we grill it!"

by
Jessica Metz

As I walked into the Road Kill Cafe, I was greeted by a large rough-looking man. He said in a deep voice, "Welcome to the Road Kill Cafe. You kill it; we grill it. Smoking or non?" he asked.

I mumbled that I wanted smoking, then I changed my mind. "Non-smoking," I said loudly.

Suddenly, I felt something crawling up my leg. I screamed. It was a huge rat! The waiter calmly said, "That's the special tonight, Rat Roast." My stomach quivered.

After looking at their menu, I ordered a large water and a Scampering Salad.

I could smell and hear my food before it arrived. It smelled like a dead skunk! I could hear it moaning all the way across the room.

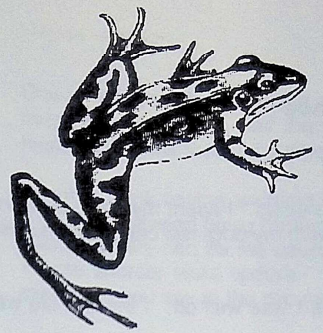
My waiter dropped it on the table with a bang, and said, "Smells delicious, doesn't it?"

I said, "It sure does!" in a very sarcastic voice. But he didn't seem to notice.

I took one bite of the salad and had to spit it out. I wiped my mouth with my napkin, which had a picture of a dead animal on it. Then I gulped down water to get the disgusting taste out of my mouth.

I ordered another large water and a piece of Critter Cake for dessert. The cake was a strange orange color! After biting into it, I figured out that it was made from chipmunks.

I left the cafe with a queasy feeling and a bad taste in my mouth. From my experience, I would recommend that you never go to the Road Kill Cafe.



Road Kill Cafe Menu

Beverages

Bloody Mary	4.50
Skunk Milk	1.00
Secret Soda	2.00
Water	.50
Beaver Brew	2.00

Main Courses

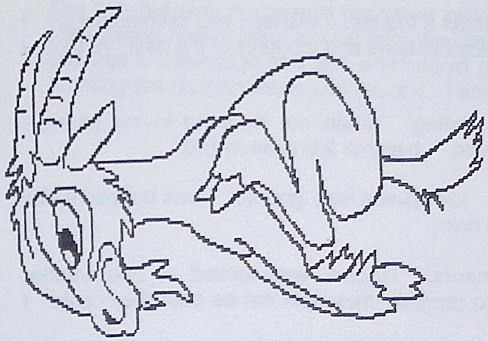
Rat Roast	5.00
Opossum Porridge	7.50
Beaver Bacon	6.00
Skunk Specialty	6.50
Frog Franks	3.50

Side Dishes

Scampering Salad	4.50
Squirrel Sausages	3.00

Desserts

Dung Dumplings	2.50
Chipmunk Cake	3.50
Choco Dirt	3.00



Jessica Metz

Loss of Ignorance

by

Meridith Osborn

In the year of 1985, I was but a small child of three years. I spent my days exploring the worlds of small animals and insects. Romping with my dog, two cats, even our two horses gave me great joy.

I didn't know I was a happy child. Nobody told me I was well off. I thought life was always joyous.

I was ignorant. My ignorance would cause me a great shock in the years ahead.

I had no knowledge of the arguments that occurred between my parents. They occurred when I was out of the house perhaps talking with my good friend Wayne Baker at torturing a clam on the shore of the Mississippi River in my backyard.

As I became aware of the problems between my parents, I came up with more excuses why they should argue. They both had a bad day, or, "This is just a passing phase," I lead myself to believe.

In 1988 we moved to Iowa City. I became good friends with a classmate, John Bolender. John and I spent many hours away from our homes. I witnessed few acts of hate between my parents at the beginning of our stay in this city.

By the year of 1990 my parents relationship got worse by the minute while I stuck to my excuses. In November, 1990, we packed our belongings and moved to Parkview. My parents argued. I watched as their bad relationship turned to a terrible hate.

I began to realize how happy I had been as a toddler. I wished I had savored my joy. I became confused, upset, and was reduced to tears and thoughts of the past. At times I had no desire to continue life.

Screaming, shouting, crying, never ending. When not listening to my parent's arguments, I played them over in my head. I became a broken record.

My voice seemed to have no meaning. My opinion was ignored. I was trapped inside a glass box, a mute watcher, unable to help.

By now, my parents had stopped sharing. Rooms were locked so one another couldn't enter. I was one child for two parents; they split me as best they could. I cracked, as if a walnut, into two parts.

My parents filed for a divorce in 1992. The news didn't surprise me.

One of the first issues settled in court was custody of me. My father was to have me every other weekend, half the year's holidays, and three weeks in the summer. My mom had me the rest of the time.

You may think having anything settled between my parents would have been a luxury. It wasn't. Between going from mother to father many secrets were given to me to worry over. Secrets can be the cause of harmless fun and mischief among small children. To me secrets were torture. You cannot know how terrible it is to plan and edit everything you say to the two most loved and trusted people in your life.

I became more withdrawn and depressed. I had few friends and moped while others joined in activities.

The divorce and each other's faults became my parent's main discussion with me. I begged for them to stop talking so hatefully. As before, my voice had no meaning.

Whirlwinds of anger and terror towards the future while longing for the past rampaged through my head, making me depressed, sullen, dejected. I didn't want to relate to anyone. I hid myself inside a shell. I was a hermit.

Now I realize how self-centered I was. I felt sorry for myself. I never cared how destructive the divorce was to my parents. Even though I had to endure a split in my family, I am still much better off than others. Both of my parents love me, I have a house to call my own, and I ride horses every week. Every week I can become one with a spirited being, escaping from all worries. When I think of children who never knew life outside a concentration camp, those who had to endure the horrors of slavery, and people who can never know the joy of conquering a mountain, riding a horse, or even taking long jog guided by a cool breeze, I feel selfish and guilty.

The hate between my parents has never ceased. I am beginning to learn to live with it. I will always have a deep wound from the divorce, though I have learned from it. I now possess a knowledge and skill which most people could never have. I have learned to recognize my happiness and savor it. I am not ignorant anymore.

Life of an Event

Early morning.
Mist, fog, dew,
Cool, crisp, new.
Beautiful.

A graceful horse beside me.
A friend, a partner.

Climb upon a glossy back.
Breathe deeply.

Begin!

Hurtling,
Flying,
Racing,
Competing.

First obstacle.
Collect,
Gather strength,
Leap,
Fly high!

Hit the ground,
Gallop away,
Leave the past behind.

In the lead,
Winning.
Excitement,
Thrill.

You are near the end.
Or is it another beginning?

Life.
The race from beginning to beginning.

by Meridith Osborn

Elementary

easier, smaller

playing, learning, beginning

recess, children, teenagers, fun

teaching, growing, maturing

bigger, harder

Junior High

by Nicole Oster

How I Lost My First Tooth

by
Denver Tweed

In kindergarten, I lost my first tooth while eating a "3 Muskateers" bar. At first I thought it was a nut and asked my brother if he wanted a nut. He said, "Sure," so I handed him my tooth. He said, "This is your tooth, Denver." Then I felt around in my mouth, and the tooth that was loose was no longer there.

The next day I told my kindergarten teacher, and she put my name on a tooth shaped piece of paper in front of the whole class. I felt special that day. In second grade, I lost a tooth because someone hit me in the face accidentally. That wasn't so special.

Phyllis Green: Leader of Society

by Sarah Rochau

How can a woman who was born in a small Iowa town and raised during the Great Depression make a difference in our world? Phyllis Green did. She lived through some of the biggest obstacles of her time; the Great Depression, World War II, and Vietnam. But there's more to her life.

Mrs. Green grew up in the Depression, yet she has many wonderful memories of her childhood; some she has even written for her own kids. Mrs. Green never realized how poor her family was. Years later, she recalled things like the doll with a cracked head that Santa brought her. Her parents told Phyllis that Santa knew she'd take good care of the doll, but later she discovered the truth.

Mrs. Green's best influences included her mother, her sixth grade teacher, and her husband. Her mother always showed a positive attitude toward life, even in really tough times. Mrs. Green's sixth grade teacher always encouraged her when she worried that she was dumb; really she was just a poor reader. Her teacher showed a positive attitude toward her students, and helped Mrs. Green to read better.

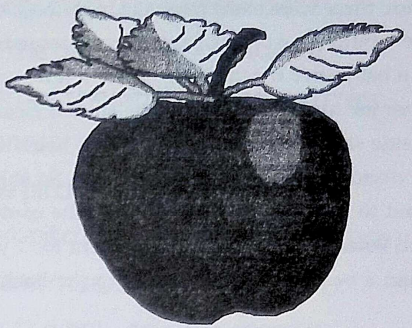
After she graduated high school, Phyllis married Mr. K. Ted Green. They lived in Postville, Iowa. There they had five children: Bill, Jim, Fred, Joe, and Patricia. Then Mrs. Green decided she'd like to be a school teacher. When she told her husband about her desire, Mrs. Green was surprised that he supported her. She went to Upper Iowa University and earned a bachelor's degree, then a Master's degree. Her education is one of the things Mrs. Green is most proud of.

Mrs. Green began working in the North Scott District. She taught sixth grade at Ed White Elementary and Alan Shepard. On one occasion, another teacher found out about an essay contest for classes. The prize was 20 I.B.M. computers. Mrs. Green's class wrote about how they started milk jug recycling in North Scott. The class didn't win the computers, but their essay was sent to the White House and read by President Bush, who thought Mrs. Green's class should be one of his thousand points of light. Mrs. Green went to the White House and met the President, and went out to lunch with him. She says that there's something "magical" and "wonderful" about seeing the President. The class became Bush's fifty-eighth point of light in 1991.

After twenty-eight years of teaching, Mrs. Green retired. Who should show up at her celebration but her sixth grade teacher?! Mrs. Green remembers those years with a Golden Apple Award and two certificates which she proudly displays in her hallway, one from President Bush and one from Governor Branstad, and many other awards, gifts, and memories. Mrs. Green hopes she helped students like her sixth grade teacher helped her, even if she never knows it. Mrs. Green would advise others to follow something bigger than themselves, and be positive!

Today, Mrs. Green is a grandmother of thirteen. She lives near Eldridge, Iowa. Most of her children live nearby, and several of them are teachers. She is involved in community service and volunteer work, and is a member of my church. We attend the same aerobics class. She likes traveling, so she and her husband have been planning a trip to China.

Mrs. Green has played a major role in the history of North Scott's youth. Mrs. Green's contributions will be remembered as gifts that keep on giving.



Fina Marie Stichter

by Aubrey Stichter

What would it be like to raise nine children by yourself? Impossible you say, maybe for the average Joe, but not for my grandma, Fina.

Fina Marie Fuller was born on August 26, 1913. She made it to her junior year in high school. She met Emery Hugo Stichter in 1933, while horseback riding. She married Emery in 1935, at age 22. Emery Hugo had a good paying job working at a light company.

Emery and Fina were married 18 years, and had eight children, with one on the way. The baby was due in March. Then Emery Hugo started having health problems in June of 1953. Emery Hugo had bad lungs and bleeding ulcers. Emery Hugo Stichter died on August 15, 1953. He left behind a wife, and eight, soon to be nine children.

On March 31, 1954 a baby boy was born. Fina named him Emery Rick Stichter. After Emery was born, there were extra costs like baby food, baby clothes, diapers, etc. So Fina decided she would go work at Eagle Signal, assembling plug-ins. She went to work, and hired a babysitter for the kids. After a few months, babysitters got too costly, so she quit her job and went home. She started cleaning peoples' houses for money, and on the side she would do the neighbor's hair.

In 1958, Fina decided to become a beautician. So she borrowed money from her parents, and went to beauty school at night, so she could watch the kids during the day. She went to Bussel Beauty School. She went for 1 year, then got her beauty license. She then had a beauty shop added on to the back of her house. It was a success!

All but two of her children finished high school. The other two joined the Army.

My grandma is very special to me. I've always looked up to her for her accomplishments, and because she is such an independent woman. She never had much help all through her long life, but she made it. She is still working as a beautician. She supported her family by herself, with occasional help from friends and family. When any of her kids had a problem, they always went to her for help. She always supported them.

I feel my grandma is someone I can go to with my problems and questions, and know that she will help me through any difficulty I might have. She's a very strong woman. She would have to be, to raise nine kids alone.

Even though she will soon be eighty-two, you wouldn't know it to look at her. I know she won't live forever, but if effort made it so, my grandma Fina would.

BASEBALL

The spikes of my cleats dig into the ground,
I stare down the pitcher like a hungry hound.
I nervously step up to home plate,
I watch the ball, I just can't wait!
Here comes the pitch, I swing and miss.
Strike one.
Boy, the pitcher's got a gun.
The next pitch comes, what should I do?!
I swing and miss, there's strike two.
He hurls the ball - one last chance!
It's a home run, around the bases I prance!
What a good time, America's pastime;
BASEBALL!

JASON SCHADT

BLACK

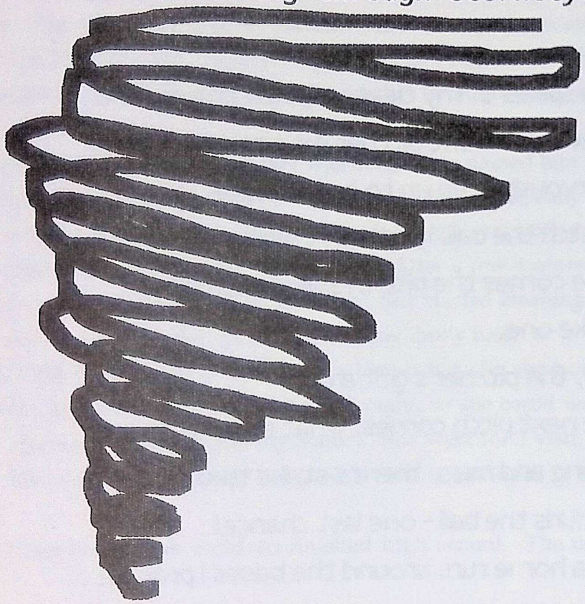
Black cats and Garth Brooks hats, like fingernails running down a chalkboard.

Licorice, smoke, and newspapers smell black, death makes me feel black.

A stock car on the run sounds black.

The night sky, a cave at midnight, My dreams black as a big volcano.

A tornado twirling through eternity. . .



Dreams
by
Kellie Krukow

Have you ever faced obstacles that stood in the way of your hopes and dreams? Don't you wish those obstacles weren't there, or maybe not quite so tough to overcome? They aren't for me and many others who have dreams to go into the field of medicine. All because of one brave, special woman named Florence Nightingale.

Ever since I was a young girl, I have wanted to be a nurse or go into the field of medicine. It hasn't always been easy to become a nurse, especially for women. It was considered a disgrace to the family to enter this profession. Nurses were often drunk and hospitals were filthy and unsuitable. Florence Nightingale helped change this. She became interested in helping others when she received her "calling" from God. Later Florence realized her calling to help others was found in nursing. Her patents were disgraced and disappointed with her news. Florence was greatly distraught with their attitudes but refused to give up. She traveled to Paris to take nursing courses. Later, she visited the Kaiserwerth Hospital in Kaiserwerth, Germany. There, sanitary conditions were much better.

When she returned home, Florence was appointed superintendent of an institution. Her job there ran smoothly for over three months. Then, a dear friend, Sidney Herbert requested that Miss Nightingale travel to Scutari, Turkey, to tend to thousands of wounded British soldiers.

The Scutari hospital was worse than crude. The large stone building was old, had little room, and few beds. Most soldiers laid on the floor. Florence and the forty nurses that had accompanied her had enough living space for about three people. The doctors showed no respect for the nurses at first. But Florence gained their respect and favor. Not only did Florence tend to the patients' wounds, but also to their souls. She was kind and gentle and would be willing to listen to them. This kind of gentleness is something I would like to accomplish, not just doing the physical part of the job, but the emotional part also. That's why I admire Florence Nightingale so much. I also thank her for changing the prejudices that were once against women that chose to nurse other's needs.

Jackie Joyner Kersee
by
Shea Newmeister

Jackie Joyner-Kersee. Those three golden words belong to the greatest female athlete in the world. Jackie is a hard working person. I want to achieve many things in life just as she has. Jackie has proven that it's not where you start, but where you end up that counts.
Life hasn't been all successes for Jackie. She has overcome many struggles to the were she is today.

Jacqueline Joyner was born in 1962 in East St. Louis, Illinois. She was named after Jacqueline Kennedy. Jackie grew up living in a small wooden bungalow with no heat. She didn't have many clothes and only one pair of shoes. Some nights Jackie's father would come home drunk and say things he didn't mean. When Jackie was eleven, she saw a man get shot on her own street. Jackie's grandmother was shot to death the next year.

Jackie spend much of her childhood at the local recreation center. "She started taking dance lessons there. One day Jackie received news that her dance instructor had died. That's when she turned her attention to track and field. Coached by Nino Fennoy, she made it to the Junior Olympics in 1976. Jackie competed in the pentathalon and won!

Jackie was on the varsity basketball, track, and volleyball teams in high school. She led the basketball team to state championship and the track team to three state titles. Jackie was named All-State and All-American in both track and basketball.

Jackie was recruited to UCLA on a basketball scholarship. She asked the basketball coach if she could also compete for the track and field team. She was given permission as long as track didn't interfere with basketball. Bob Kersee became her track and field coach. Jackie started competing in the heptathalon and the long jump.

During Jackie's freshman year, her mother developed meningitis. Mrs. Joyner fell into a coma. She was put on a life support system. Jackie and her brother Al decided to take her off the machines. Shortly afterward, Mrs. Joyner died. Jackie was very sad, but she knew she had to move on with her life. Jackie continued to excel in her sport. In her sophomore year, Jackie was diagnosed with asthma. She was given medication to control it.

In 1984 Jackie went to the Summer Olympics in Los Angeles, California. She won the silver medal in the heptathalon. Jackie lost by only five points (a very small margin). She wasn't disappointed, though. Her brother Al won a gold medal in the triple jump.

After the Olympics, Bob Kersee proposed to Jackie. They were married in 1986.

In 1988 and 1992 Jackie again went to the Olympics. She won a total of four gold medals between the heptathalon and the long jump.

Jackie Joyner-Kersee is an amazing woman. She has overcome many difficulties to achieve her goals. I hope to become just as successful as she has in sports. What Jackie now calls her "three D's"- desire, dedication, and determination- helped her to become one of the world's best athletes.

Feelings...
Last night I was working with my palette, and I thought about the colors being bright, like feelings, and emotions, and that when I mixed them, they became a jumble, a dull, listless gray. And, then, I thought how some people get so confused over their feelings and emotions that they turn to dullness, and you can't tell how to retrieve them from the mess. There are too many, and the more you try to get through them and sort them out, the messier the mess becomes, until you are in a whirlpool that swings you around till you're dizzy to the extent of almost being nauseated, but by now, you don't know what to do, so you finally sort out the red, or the anger, and burn the rest of the emotions or you retrieve the deep blue and freeze the whirlpool and either quit or grab the red, and melt the ice and stay angry until you have reason to change, and perhaps the whirlpool begins to swirl again...

Melissa Loussaert

cats
are cute
are lovable and cuddly
they are different colors
they are all really clever
susan jaynes

Attack of the Goober Monster

It was a bright day in Hensville, Rhode Island. There was a baseball game in the park, a parade in town square, and a tennis match at the high school. The town was full of spirit and there wasn't a care among the six-thousand people that lived in Hensville.

Then all of a sudden someone heard a siren. People went every where trying to find what might have caused the siren to ring. Then a blood curling cry came out from among the hundreds of people looking for the siren. Everybody looked toward the direction of the scream there he was the dreaded Goober Monster. It was no bigger then a teddy bear, it shot out strawberry gum at its enemy. When it touched the skin of the enemy it took 142 seconds to cover the body and make them die. That's just what the Goober Monster did, he sprayed all over thirty- nine people. They suffocated and died. The people dispersed in pandemonium at the sight of the hideous creature. Many people tried to leave the city, but the Goober Monster kept them in the city threatening theme with his strawberry gum. The people that did escape were tracked down and killed by the Goober Monster.

Now there was this boy named Alfred. Many people thought Alfred was a nerd. But there was one thing that Alfred did know, and that was about gum. Alfred knew that the only way to get gum off was with ice.

The next day Alfred found a girl who had been hit by the Goober Monster. So he put some ice on her. The gum started to go away and finally it was off her. Word started to spread that Alfred knew how to defeat the Goober Monster.

The Goober Monster heard about this and started to stalk Alfred. Soon the Goober Monster found him. Now Alfred was pretty smart and he knew the monster was coming. He bought six pounds of ice and rigged it so at a push of a button the ice will come down on the monster. So when the monster came to Alfred's house, Alfred touched the button and the ice came down on the monster. The monster froze to death under the pounds of ice.

So now the world is safe from the Goober Monster forever thanks to Alfred and his ice.

THE END

By: Pat Judkins

How Lazy Pigs Operate

They smell and snort,
They're fat and short,
And make an annoying noise.
They squeal and yelp,
Mostly for help,
Whenever they're cold or bored.
They squiggle and squirm,
Just like a worm,
In something brown and mushy.
They scramble when slop,
Is thrown with a plop,
Then lay quite content on their tushy.

By: Elizabeth Montgomery

Racing to the Finish Line

RUNNING, RUNNING, RUNNING,
People running here and there,
People running everywhere,
As I try to keep the pace,
Hoping I will win the race,
Trying to outrun the rest,
Hoping I will be the best,
Water station coming up,
Take a drink, throw the cup,
Now I'm near the finish line,
The time to beat is 6:09,
The race is done, I'm glad to say,
The prize is won, Hip Hip Hooray!

Anne Hamilton

THE SMART ONE

BY:JOSH JURISIC

Slurp! Slurp! Hi, do you like Slurpies.

Well, Bob Dornberg loved slurpies. He used to go to a Slurpie Shop almost every day.

One day around noon Bob rode his bicycle to a Slurpie Shop. He had a craving for a cherry slurpie. It was a self-serve shop, so he wandered on over to the machine. Bob got a cup and pushed the red button, nothing happened. The Slurpie Manager, Bill pointed to a sign, it said, "PULL THE BUTTON DO NOT PUSH." So Bob pulled the red button and his cup filled with cherry slurpie.

As Bob walked towards the counter to pay, he noticed he didn't have enough money to pay for the slurpie and still go to a movie. So he wrote a check. Bill took the check, ripped it up, and threw it in the trash and pointed to another sign, that said, "CASH ONLY." So Bob paid the bill and headed towards the door.

As Bob was walking away from the counter, he wandered if Bill was mute.

When Bob was at the door he tried to push it open, but it wouldn't budge. Bill started to point to a sign. But Bob didn't look, he thought he would know what the sign would say. He tried pulling the door open, but it still wouldn't budge. Bob was confused, and said to Bill, "Just tell me how to open the door, will ya." Bill said nothing. So Bob read the sign Bill was pointing to, it said, "STAND ON THE CARPET TO OPEN THE DOOR." Bob stood on the carpet and the door automatically opened. "Cool," Bob thought!

Bob stumbled out slurping on his cherry slurpie.

After Bob had left the Shop, Bill said to himself, "Hey, that's a new record, I only had to use three signs this visit!"

The Roaring City

The city-

What a thriving sight

Keeps on going day and night

Cars moving

Planes zooming

Tall buildings reaching past the clouds

Subway trains making their rounds

Sights and sounds that touch the city

By Kevin Berg

IGNORANCE or EQUALITY

Racism. Such an ugly word. The word is a basic fact of life, especially if you're a minority. I see it and receive it all the time. I've come to understand that it isn't me that's the problem, it's others and their stupid ignorance.

I've lived in Davenport, Iowa since I was four months old. I have no memory of Korea. I feel just as "American" as you do. Others think differently and call me chink, China girl, or some other racist remark. I guess they're entitled to an opinion, but somehow that is not an opinion. To me it's prejudice, plain and simple.

Ever since I started school, I've never been singled out as Asian, or Korean, or "different". This year some people decided to be funny and make lewd remarks about my race. Fortunately, I've made friends who respect me for who I am. To them, I am grateful.

To the people who criticize my race, I'd love to send you to Korea. You'd see exactly how it feels to be different. So quit being so ignorant and narrow-minded, because you're going to face minorities every day.

If you really stop and think about it, racism is like saying, "You're blond, and all blondes are dumb". That is anything but true.

Racism happens every single day. I wish that the people who are racist would realize how much we all have in common, instead of focusing on our differences. Think about how it would feel to be in their shoes. There will never be peace unless everyone understands this. So next time you open your mouth to say something racist, think of who you're hurting. That person is a human being with feelings. REMEMBER, WE ARE ALL CREATED EQUAL!!!!!

Leah Engler

Would I Be Happy...

If I could have everlasting money,

To buy a horse,
To buy my older sister a car,
To buy my younger sister a pony,
To buy my parents a personal plane,
To buy a resort,

To go on a shopping spree,
To go on a world tour,
To go skiing in Colorado,
To go visit my friends in Minnesota and California,
To go camping in the Boundary Waters,
To go on an Alaskan Cruise,

To play basketball and baseball with the Pro's,

...It depends- is money everything?

Jill Pearson

The Sky Is Falling

The sky is falling, he ran screaming through the town,

The sky is falling, it's falling down,

Put in your ear plugs, watch out for the cloud,

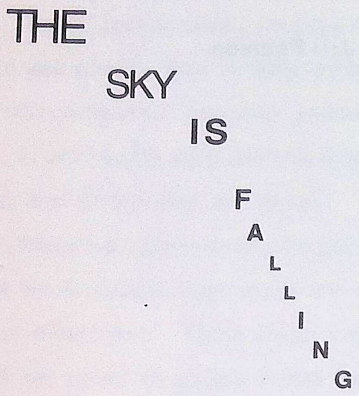
Put in your ear plugs, it'll be very loud,

Watch out for the sky, and the airplanes that fly,

They'll be falling down, on this very small town,

Take your children, run and hide,

Or you'll be going for a very bumpy ride,



By Shawn Simpson

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